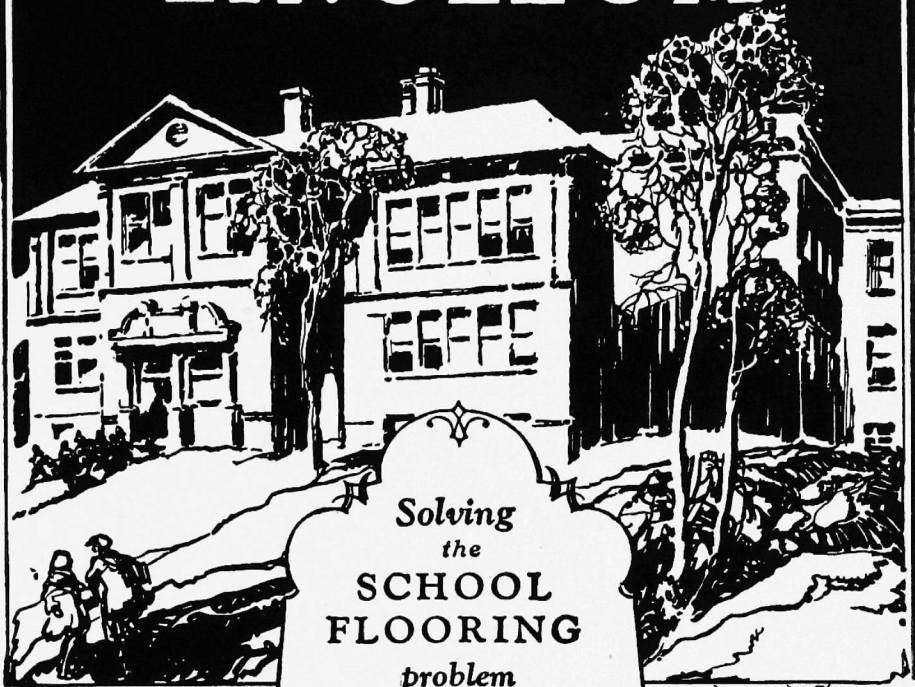


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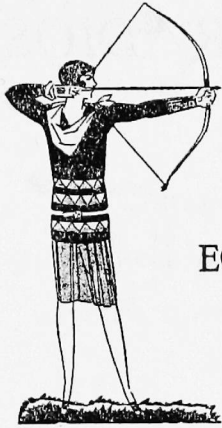
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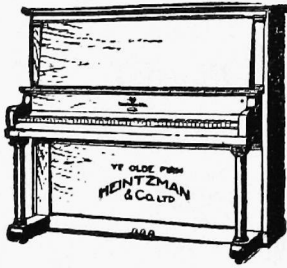
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King's Hall Magazine

1930



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Miss Tugwell

ON April 23rd, Miss Tugwell sailed for England. Uppermost in her mind was the regret that ill-health compelled her to leave before the year's work was completed. We, on our part, much regret her departure from amongst us, and sincerely hope that "England, April England," will not be long in restoring her to full health and vigour again.

King's Hall owes her a great deal and those who have known her here will agree that she has a fine courage, high ideals and great charm of personality. We do not pretend to think that she is without failings—indeed we believe that she herself would say, as Oliver Cromwell did to Lely, "paint me as I am"—but of this we are sure, that of her can be said with greater truth than of most people that "e'en her failings leaned to virtue's side."

It was her lot to direct the destinies of King's Hall in a difficult period—for a new régime is a difficult time in the life of a school as in the life of a nation—and to that task she gave her whole self. At closing in June last she said, "It is to the future rather than to the present that we must look for the fruits of our labours." Of her work we now say the same. What she has achieved will be seen in the lives and characters of some Canadian girls.

In whatever sphere and in whatever land her work of the future may lie, we wish her every success and believe and hope with Browning that "The best is yet to be."

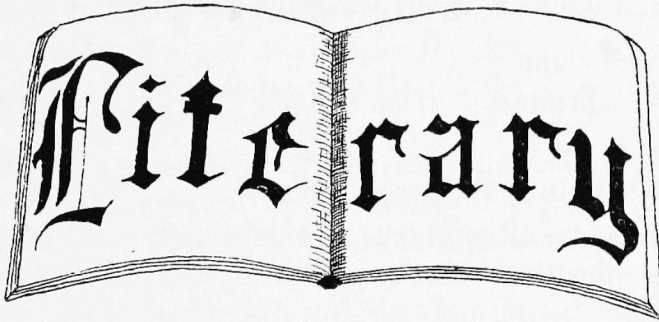
Editorial

THIS is our second number and we feel that, while it may still be necessary to make excuses for ourselves, it is no longer becoming. For all that sort of thing, in the words of Friar Bacon's head "Time was" and "Time is past." We could say a good deal on the subject of second numbers, which to our mind are on a level with Tuesdays and Boxing Days and twenty-second birthdays and second helpings—but we will refrain from anything that looks like an apology. Instead we are going to distract attention from ourselves by lodging a complaint. The scope of our complaint is limited to roughly seventy-five per cent. of the School, the remaining twenty-five per cent. being exonerated on the ground of hard work done for the magazine or hard work done in other directions. To this seventy-five per cent. we wish to say that the support of a school magazine should not end with the buying of a copy when printed; and we should like to drive this home in particular for the benefit of all those who can write and won't, or who can write and have to be goaded into writing, or who can write and let the time go by.

We find we have been entertaining delusions about the editorial office. We had imagined, from our own experience of the race, that editors spent their time rejecting manuscript after unwanted manuscript thrust upon them by a persistent besieging army of contributors. They always regret that they are compelled to take this course—their lives, in fact, seem to be passed in a state of perpetual regret—but the fact remains that they never have the space for those who wish to fill it, nor, we are quite sure, do they ever have to beg their contributors to write. At King's Hall, however, things are different. The editor of this magazine needs not so much power of selection as power of coercion. Our regrets are not that we have to turn contributors from our door but that we have to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.

And yet we resign the editorial chair with reluctance, well knowing that we shall never occupy another. It has been pleasant, even for the moment, to be called by the same name as those regretful gentlemen who treat our manuscripts so summarily. We shall be sorry to become "I" again and go through the rest of life de-pluralised. But more than this we are sorry to leave the magazine half grown, not knowing how it will turn out. We hope it will grow and flourish, like the wicked and the green bay tree and all other flourishing things, but all the same we do not want to see it grow out of recognition. We do not say that we want to make a school magazine into a scholarly periodical or a blue-book or a dictionary of information. But we do say that when in 1940 we receive our copy of the KING'S HALL MAGAZINE—probably by that time called the "Golden Torch" or the "Chipmunk"—we shall be disappointed indeed if we find in it nothing but a few esoteric jokes and a picture gallery.

EDITOR.



“KEEP TROTH”

IT is amazing how little we consider mottoes and crests, yet they have come down to us through the ages. In olden days knight's considered their family crest one of their most important possessions and often made it their life work to live up to the motto engraved under their coat of arms. Their honour and their crest were rolled up in one. In England some of the very old families can trace their line back to William the Conqueror, and are very proud of the crest being in existence so long. Although they aren't exploited now as they used to be, they are still treasured and looked up to.

Even here at school we have our crest and our motto. The motto is a wonderful one—“Keep Troth”. Though we would appear rather silly if we went through life always championing it—we can keep it in our hearts. We can treasure it as it deserves to be treasured.

Keep Troth! How can we Keep Troth? In a multitude of ways—with our God; with our King; with our School-mates, and lastly with ourselves. With that idea ever before us, it would make it much easier to separate the right from the wrong.

“ One compass guides
To that and your own self be true.”

Very closely connected with our motto is our school pin. Its plain simple design stands for so much. At first it appears rather bare and so different from the rest that we are not sure whether we like it or not. So did our life at school seem in the beginning. Its clear cut outlines seem to suggest the clean healthy life we lead here. Then ever in the centre burns the torch—Keep Troth!

E. ANDERSON (Matriculation).

“RAVEN FEATHERS”

(Prize winning story in Magazine Competition)

It was cold and damp.

“Good-bye,” said Mary, “Don’t forget about the red wool. Are you taking Rover with you?”

“Oh yes—Where is he? Rover!” he called.

“I haven’t seen him all morning. I think he went off somewhere early this morning.” She shivered.

“Cold?”

“No, only—”

“Only what?”

“Tom, I’m worried about Rover. He goes away now, every morning, after you’ve left. I’m frightened.”

“There’s nothing to be afraid of, dear.”

“No, I suppose not. Only that shepherd, Bill something or other, has been saying things in the village about our dog stealing sheep, he—”

“O, Ricketts—I’ll speak to him. Well,” he glanced at his watch, “I must go, or I’ll miss my train—Good-bye, Mary.”

“Good-bye.”

She watched him stride down the hill, and up the Ridge. He turned around and waved, and she waved back; then she slowly went into the house.

Two men were standing on the road, watching the train as it sped past, leaving a cloud of smoke behind it.

“Can’t get used to them things, somehow,” said the elder of the two.

They strode along in silence, until they reached the copse. On the other side, the Ridge shone black against the sun. Bill sat down by a tree, and laid his gun on the ground beside him. Something black fell on his leg. He looked up quickly. Somewhere a raven croaked. Johnston crossed himself. “Leave it,” he muttered, “it’s a Raven Feather.” Bill laughed and tossed it away.

“That’s how much I care,” he said. “There’s about as much to THAT, as to George’s tales of the ‘Devil Dog of Hangman’s Copse,’ and his ghost master!”

“Well, I’d like to know what it is, then!” He turned to go. “Mark my word, Bill, don’t go shooting the first thing you meet, my lad. Anything you want?”

“No thanks.” Bill was munching ham sandwiches. Johnston walked off. Halfway down the field, he turned. Bill was busily eating. The old man sighed heavily. Well, he thought, it’s lucky he ain’t superstitious.

From the other side of the Ridge came a faint barking. Bill sat up, and presently a dark blotch appeared on the top. Bill crouched and aimed. The dog on the hill barked. Suddenly, it leaped into the air with a cry, and fell. Its body rolled down the other side, bumping from rock to rock, till at last it landed with a thud on the ground. Bill smiled at his smoking gun. He went over to pick up the feather, tripped, and fell head-long onto a sharp rock.

The sun shone blood-red behind the ridge, making it like copper. A cold breeze passed through the trees, and they shivered. The man opened his eyes and groaned. He put his hand to his aching forehead, and looked at it. Red—blood-red! He gazed around him. The sun was hidden now, and a mist was covering the hill. Beside him lay a black feather. He shrank back from it, as though afraid. Somewhere a raven croaked. Bill looked up at the Ridge. There was a faint yellow light. Suddenly a dark form appeared and walked along the edge. It was the figure of a man, inky black against the sky. Behind him walked a huge dog. They walked through the mist, and down the hill. Silence. Then a blood-chilling howl broke the air, and the sky turned black. The full moon rose, blood-red. The man shivered.

Thomas Erskine glanced at his watch. Twenty minutes late! Mary would be annoyed as it was dark. He turned to go. Rover was behaving queerly. He kept bobbing up and down behind the hedge, like a black shadow. As he walked through the copse, Thomas heard a shot and a cry of pain. Queer, he thought. He looked around. Yes, there was Rover, walking behind him. He passed over the Ridge. The mist reached out grasping fingers and enveloped him. Endlessly he walked, was he lost? No, just one hill more.

Now at last home was in sight. There was Mary with her lighted lantern, standing, as ever, at the gate to meet him. Thomas Erskine began to hurry. Then, for the first time since he had left the station, he missed Rover.

"Rover, Rover," he called. "Rover, where are you?"

Mary came towards him.

"Don't call him," she said. By the rays of the lantern Erskine could see that his wife had been crying. "Don't call him—he won't come."

"But he was with me a moment ago." Mary looked at him strangely.

"Rover died this morning," she said. "He was shot—I found him."

"But I tell you he was with me. He was at the station to meet me as he always is. He came through Hangman's Copse with me. He"

Mary pulled him by the arm and led him to the stable. There under an old blanket, the great dog lay, stiff and cold now, and a bullet wound on his head. Thomas stared at him in silence.

"I must have imagined it," he said at last. "But I could have sworn he was with me. I don't understand—"

And down in the village below the woods, there was another person who did not understand. Bill Ricketts was swearing strange vows of reformation and babbling like an idiot of ghosts that walked and a devil-dog in Hangman's Copse.

N. PIRIE (VI-A).

LIFE IN CUBA

CUBA is the largest Island in the West Indies. The capital of Cuba is Havana. There are several big department stores. There are two very pretty roads on the way into Havana from Vedado. One is the Malecon which is right along by the sea. The other is the Prado which has a sort of broadwalk up the middle.

There is a very nice club there which is called the Country Club, where there is a big golf course with eighteen holes, and also tennis courts, a swimming bath and a large verandah where they dance every Sunday. The Yacht Club is by the sea where you can dance and there is a lovely beach. The ordinary beach is called the Plaza.

The food is almost the same as here. The Spaniards often eat a dish called arraz con pollo, which means rice with chicken. It is made of bits of chicken all cut up mixed with rice. It is very good. There are some rather queer kinds of fruits. One is the mango; it is coloured orange and it is rather like the shape of a pear. The aguacate or alligator pear is a kind of vegetable. You can make salads out of it. You generally eat it cut in half with salt sprinkled on it. There is also Fruita Bomba, which you eat for a desert cut in quarters; it is very big and rather the shape of a melon.

The people in the city live in the same way as we do. But the country women wear gay coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, white blouses and long striped skirts generally. The men wear ordinary shirts, wide trousers and wide brimmed hats.

There are palm trees all over the island and the Cubans let their goats graze loose in the fields. The fields have no fences, so they go all over the roads.

I like Cuba very much and I think you would like it too.

M. SKETCH, Form IV.

NIGHT

When the golden sun is gone,
And the moon is high and clear,
The moonbeams dance on the dewkissed lawn,
And night is here.

The sky is a deep, deep blue,
And the sparkling stars appear,
The old owls hoot, and the white doves coo,
And night is here.

The fairies dance in a ring,
The fireflies light their lanterns clear,
The goblins shout and the little elves sing,
For night is here.

Then suddenly the goblins hide,
The fairies disappear,
The old owl turns on his feathery side,
For dawn is here.

L. PAVEY, V-A.

THE WIND

ONE day when the wind was whirling past a pretty garden, whistling a merry tune he saw a sweet little baby. At least he might have been sweet if he had not been crying so. But this baby did not feel like being sweet as he had pins sticking into his little pink toes, and he had so many clothes on that he might have suffocated if the wind had not rescued him.

It happened that this baby had a mother who loved him very, very much, and, when she had gone on a few days travel the day before, she had left the baby in charge of a nurse, who was wicked although she pretended to be good and kind.

The wind thought, "now, where shall I take him? He is so very unhappy. I guess I shall take him to the fairies."

The fairies received him very kindly and for the first few days after his arrival everyone was very anxious to be near him, though the jealous ones said: "Oh, who wants to be near a fat dimpled thing with hardly any hair?" They did not add that the hair he did have was curly and curled most beautifully around his ears and fat little neck. So after a month or so when the fairies were tired of rocking him in the tree tops and making garlands for his hair they left him more and more to himself. He tried to

pretend to himself that he didn't care, but he really did and he wished so much he wasn't lonely.

The fairies were having a party one day when in rushed two tiny heralds. The queen rose as they entered and as she told them, after much whispering with the heralds, a lady of great importance was coming to see them. She seemed sad and that was why she could see them. She had a large train of ladies and servants with her, but she left them outside the wood, and came on foot. She sat down beside the queen. "I am very sad," she said, "I have had the ill-luck to lose my precious baby and I was wondering if I might have a little fairy to try and make up for my loss." (Here all the fairies began thinking who could be chosen but themselves). The lady had almost chosen a little fairy called Daisy, when looking up she saw the baby. "Oh, how lovely he is!" she exclaimed. "I love him and he looks so like mine did," she said as she took him in her arms and played with his lovely hair and looked at his beautiful blue eyes and covered his little cherry mouth with kisses.

Just then the wind came whistling up and seeing how pleased the lady was with the baby he said: "This is your own baby, but I took him away from his wicked nurse."

And the lady was very glad she said, because now the fairies had made him lovelier than ever.

P. ANGLIN, V-B.

HERAKLES

Characters:

Dêianeira, daughter of Oineus of Kalydon and wife of Herakles.

Danae, Daphne, Penelope, and other maidens.

Eutyros, a messenger.

Characters mentioned:

Herakles, husband of Dêianeira.

Iolê, daughter of Eurytos, King of Æchalia.

Nessos, a centaur.

Scene:

Dêianeira and her maidens. Some are seated, some are standing, all grouped around her. They wear gaily coloured robes. Dêianeira wears a simple dress of pure white. The curtain is black, and a heavy black rug covers all of the floor and the steps.

All Chanting—

Sigh, for the day is sighing,
Die, for the day is dying
And Morpheus sings his song
To the children of softsleep,
And his tear-drops fall among
The sleeping flow'r's, so weep.

Night's chased away blue morning,
So mourn, for the world is mourning,
And cares mourns the day
That tore her only child,
The fair Prosperpine,
To Pluto's regions wild.
Sigh for the day is sighing,
Die for the day is dying,
And watery shines one star
Over the land and deep;
Thy lover from afar
Sees it. O maiden, weep!

DEIANEIRA

Alas! How many centuries it seems
That I have sat and waited for my king;
That I have waited for the mighty lord
Of that domain over which he doth rule,
My heart. And yet that very heart of mine
Which once lay red and bright in my warm breast,
And beat with crimson joy to hear his step,
And sang its golden song to hear his voice,
Is now as pallid as a winter's moon,
And chants the lonely tragedy of death.
Ah, woe is me, for some people do say
That Iolê, the beautiful daughter
Of slain Eurytos of Œchalia,
Has torn Herakles' soul away from me,
And left me but that hollow husk, the bond
Between a husband and his lifelong mate.
Ah, what a mate could I have been to him!
I would have bathed his travel-weary feet
In springs of limpid perfume, and his head
With scents of nymphs all in the forest green,
Sporting their happy day with happier sons
Of azure hill and silver fleckéd stream,
And all the while, the sweetest note of Pan
Bring forth their cooling melody, to soothe
The rippling waters, and the astonished birds,
Who quench their liquid song, to hear the note
That warbles from his ever-singing reed.
I would have drest him in the royal robes
That well befit his high and mighty state;
In cloak of purple, like the even song
That sings the sky when the gold chase is o'er
Of Apollo. And shining 'round his throat,
The twilight star of piercéd silver, lies:
I'd give him wild pomegranates to eat,
All garbed in bright Aurora's brighter robes:
And honey, sweeter far than the sweet song
That drifts from the lyre of the Golden God:
And wine, to quench his parched and thirsting throat,
When cooling shades are far, and brightly shines
The great Eye, in the face of smiling day.
Then with my own hands, would I pick the grapes,
And press them to great drops of dripping wine,

That dream of Bacchus, and a wild-flying chase
 With red cheek'd joys, and panting symphonies
 Of love, and life, and merry dance and song.
 Ah! Herakles would be proud of me then,
 And gladly say the words I long to hear.
 But what of all these dreams and idle tears,
 When all is lost but lonely memories?
 Sing me a song, O maidens, of the days
 When Care was not, and Sorrow knew no home,
 And Happiness and Faithful Love were one!

DANAË

Sing we a song, O sisters, of the chase;
 Of laughing lips, and carefully aimed shots.

SONG

Ho! Brother, to the merry chase!
 Aurora long hath hid her face,
 And leaps Apollo to his steeds,
 Who with the wispy clouds he feeds.
 Awake, and hear their gold hoofs fly
 From yonder hill, up to the sky.
 Look, look! The sky has drawn her veil,
 And shows her sleepy visage pale:
 And, as we look, the crystal dew
 Fades in the growing heat of blue.
 Come, catch thy arrows and thy bow
 And woodwards, deerwards, we will go
 Already there, See! Here, dark eyes
 Shine from the gloom. Ah—there he flies!
 Give chase! Give chase, and bring him down!
 I see his many antlered crown
 Rise from the bush—now it is gone;
 He will be back in sight, anon.

Shoot, brother! Shoot! Let thy swift dart
 Pierce him cleanly through the heart.
 He's down! Well aimed! Now let us go
 And cool our throats with wine like snow,
 So cool it is. To Bacchus! friend,
 That he may always good wine send!

(They dance in a mad whirl, and then return, breathless.)

DANAË

How my heart warms to hear a merry song!

PENELOPE

Yes, and to hear the chants of noble deeds:
 And warriors in their armor, shining fierce,
 And feats of bravery; wondrous strength of arms,
 Like those of thy great husband, Herakles.

DEIANEIRA

Ah, Herakles. Ah, Herakles, my spouse.
 (To Penelope) Go! Thou reminder of my present grief,
 Go! Get the shirt of love, which I have kept
 Inside the room where Herakles did sleep.
 (Penelope goes out).

DANAE

O worthy daughter of sage Oineus,
 Tell us the story of this precious shirt,
 Tell us the tale of the sacred token.

DAPHNE

Yes, tell us of the wondrous arrow shot
 Which saved thee from a centaur'd life of doom.
 (Enter Penelope: kneels and gives shirt to Déianeira).

DEIANEIRA

What ages since the both of us did love!
 We were like two bright bars of living gold
 That Vulcan, with his heated fire, did join
 To one carved wand of heavenly metall'd ore
 Thus Venus, with the Godlike flame of Love
 Did join our souls into one burning fire,
 And gently did her son with his gold dart
 Carve on our hearts our small existence song.
 One day while we both wandered hand in hand
 Among the blue flowered hills, and waving grass,
 We chanced upon the river Evênas,
 Which rushed its hasty course down to the sea.
 So fierce it was, that even Herakles
 Could scarce withstand the flow, as there he stood,
 His brown legs shatt'ring the smooth run of waves,
 And turning them to leaping, hissing drops
 Of mistiness, like rain on summer eves.
 Upon the other bank, a centaur stood,
 And watched us in our fast-growing dismay.
 Nessos, by name, both strong and good of heart,
 And known to all the people of the hills

“Ho there, my friend!” he cried to Herakles,
“Art thou in need of aid? I’ll carry thee
Thy fair companion over Evênos.
To ease thee of the burden, if thou wilt!”
And thereupon, he splashing came to me,
And carried me across the racing flood;
But when we reached the land, the centaur sped
Towards the hills, with me upon his back,
Screaming to my dear love to rescue me,
And save me from the fate I knew was nigh.
And standing straight between the land and me,
He shot his poisoned arrow, and my steed
Stumbled beneath me, and rolled on his side.
The blood rushed from his heart like liquid flame,
And, breathing deep, he dropped some in a shell,
And gave it to me, crying: “If thy love
Doth ever leave thee for another maid,
Then dip in my dead blood, a silken shirt,
And send it to him, begging him to wear
It for thy own dear sake. It is a charm
That will bring back his love for you.” He died.
Thus he was killed, and this is the same shirt
Which I am going to send to Herakles.
Go! Leave me here alone! I wish to be
In solitude with my lone thoughts, a while.
(Maidens leave her).

Why did I not stay in dear Kalydon,
Where Oineus my father was the Lord?
How happy was I, knowing not the fate
That should befall me ere my day was done!
Who is this Lolê—this beauteous maid?
She is the daughter of dead Eurytos,
The King of Œchalia, in battle slain.
Ah, Trachis, thou art but a bitter place
That fills not my sad soul with joyfulness;
But rather dost thou pall. To be with him
In Kalydon, or even Œchalia.
Would be a bliss too great for my poor heart.
Perhaps that is why, by the Gods’ own will,
I am not given sight of his dear face,
No more of this! I will send him the shirt,
That he may come back to his sometime mate.
Ho, Eutyros! (Enter messenger).
Take me this silken shirt

To Æchalia, where rests thy noble Lord,
Herakles. And come swiftly back again
To tell me what there is of him to tell.

(Gives him shirt. He bows and goes out. Pause. Enter maidens,
dancing, with garlands).

SONG

Blest Cupid, with thy golden dart, °
Strike sweetly into every heart,
That gaily may each maiden love,
And lightly as some graceful dove;
While shoot with passion each fair youth,
That his love may be nought but truth.
But never show thy leaden spear
Which brings forth hate, black lies, and fear,
And always may we dance, and sing
Of youth, and joy, and gay loving,
While watching us from high above,
Thou sing'st, eternal God of Love!

DEIANEIRA

Up maidens! Let us be like forest nymphs
That gaily tread the verdure of the woods;
And let us dance to some bright merry tune,
That brings the thought of suns and golden lands,
And winds through waving reeds on river banks.
(They join hands in a circle, and dance).

SONG

Hail Ceres! Hail! O bounteous queen,
O mother of the fruitful earth,
That bringest summer grasses green,
Whose footsteps cause a violet's birth.

Hail Goddess! Bring us fruitful years,
And plenty, when thou sad dost mourn;
Bring purple-cluster'd grapes, and ears
Of gold, in all the fields of corn.

Bring bronzed figs, and ripened pears,
And dripping honey on the trees;
Drive out all sorrows and despairs,
And bring the pleasant summer breeze.
Hail Ceres! Gracious mother, hail!
We bring to thee our off'rings gay.

Let every person sing thy tale,
Great Ceres, on a spring time day!
(They sit down, exhausted).

DEIANEIRA

How gay we are! How happy do I feel,
Now that the token of my faithful love
Has reached Herakles. Ah, I wonder when
He will return again to his domain.
The messenger I sent will speedy be,
And soon will he return again, to tell
Me that my husband loves me, and is on
His swift return, with his heart full of love.
His Psyche will I be, his fair Venus,
And he Adonis. Hand in hand will we
Tread through the sea of flower-scented grass,
And lie in forests, sheltered by the arms
Of ancient trees that bend their hoary heads
With age, until their ragged locks do meet
The greener foliage of the sunburnt earth.
Sweet happiness! The sacrificed blood
Of Nessos will have won the soul of him
Away from all the beauties of the queen.
Away from fair Iolé's wicked charms.
I cannot wait! I must see him again!
Swift Eutyros, speed on thy running feet!
Great Mercury, lend him thy wingéd shoes,
To wing his blithesome message back to me.
—Look! What is that I see far-off—is't he?

PENELOPE

Nay, 'tis but shepherds driving their white charge
Down vale unto the next green pasture land.

DEIANEIRA

Ah, why does he delay? Speed, Eutyros!
Fair promises of greatness will I give.
Sweet messenger, on thee depends my life.
See! There he comes! Quick! Do ye look afar,
My maidens, Daphne, dost thou see him not?

DAPHNE

'Tis but a labourer of beaten field,
I see no messenger, O lovely one.

DEIANEIRA

Ah me. O Gods above, where are Thy hearts?
(There is a pause).

DANAE

He comes! I see him run down yonder hill.

DEIANEIRA

Where? O great joy, he comes. O Happy Love!
How blest am I to have Herakles' love!
The messenger arrives with hasty speed;
He brings no shirt, my gift has been received.
(Laughs with joy).

How mad I am! Swift youth, come, tell me all,
(Messenger runs in and falls at her feet).

MESSENGER

All hail, O wife of greatest Herakles!

DEIANEIRA

Quick, tell me, tell me, does he love me now?
What did he say when he received the shirt?
How took he my token of faithfulness?
Speak, speak, I cannot wait in this suspense!

MESSENGER

Great Lady, I will tell thee the great tale.
Scarce had thy noble husband Herakles
Donned thy pure shirt of Love, than did a cry
Greater by far than roars a wounded lion,
Ring from his soul in violent anguish.
His great arms twisted like the slimy coils
Of those serpents whose bloody lives he killed.
But all in vain. The poisoned arrow, that
Had shot the centaur Nessos to his death,
Had tainted that foul blood, and all the shirt
Was like a pool of reeking poisoned flame.
He could not get the shirt from off his back,
And groaned in misery at the burning pains
That filled his veins with purple clotted blood.
Then did he tear great trees from off the hill,
And layed them crosswise like a mighty fire,
And lit them with a spark, then with a cry
He leapt into the flames. Great shrieks of fear
Were rent from all the watchers down below;

When suddenly, the heavens broke their calm,
And iron blackness reigned over the land,
Save where on Mount Oeta the licking fires
Of Herakles' great funeral, did leap.
Then smoke and hail and rushing of the winds
Did change the peaceful earth to dark chaos;
The hills groaned, and Apollo steered his chase
Over our heads. I heard the thundrous charge
Of horses hoofs break all the screaming sky,
And with a flash of melted gold, Zeus
Did reach his arm towards the burning mass,
And seized the hero Herakles, and rushed
Him, streaking lines of fire, into the sky.
The curtains closed, and holy Olympus
Was hid again from mortal sight and ear.
The peace came back, and on the lonely hill
The charred remains of the great bier, were laid,
While high above Thy hero lives, a God.

(No one speaks. Gradually messenger and the silently weeping maidens go out. Déianeria stands in the middle of the stage as though in a trance. Finally, she too, turns and walks slowly out).

N. PIRIE, VI-A.

THE ENCHANTED GLEN

THE forest is dark tonight. The leaves and the branches which were once green have become black unearthly shadows. The majestic trees are strange unfriendly beings whose long arms beckon to us, fascinate us and though much against our own wills, carry us into that atmosphere of stillness and spirits.

In the centre of the woods there is a little clearing, which, in the day, is known only as a glade of flowers and sunshine. Children somehow always find their way here and dance the livelong day among the sunbeams and merry little breezes; then when they are tired they lie close beside a sheltering oak and sleep the sweet slumber that only the youngest children may know. But at night this glade is transformed into a spiritual thing, a rendezvous of all sprites and elves.

In the midst of the glade is a shoe, a shoe strangely out of place here for it is old and battered, but, in some inexplicable way, a favourite with all the young friends of the forest who come to dance away the day in fun and laughter. And this shoe is also a friend to the fairies who spend their nights as the children spend their days. Each night as the beautiful fairy queen, gathering her shimmering skirts about her, steps into the glade, the old battered shoe is transformed into a great pine tree, round about which the naughty goblins play their harmless games of hide and seek, and the pretty elves play their instruments which give forth music more beautiful even than the very wind itself.

But tonight as the lovely queen steps into her glade, she has a strange foreboding of evil—evil for her and her fairy folk. The forest even to her seems unfriendly.

“Come, dance, my fairy-folk,” she cried. “Dance and be merry for who can tell what tomorrow will bring.” So all night long as the wind whistled and the trees talked, they danced, danced to the song of the elfin folk. Then as the first peep of sun shone through the black wood, they gathered together their little belongings and vanished.

A child was dancing through the forest with a song of joy in her heart. But her dell seemed to have vanished. No—as she turned round again, she saw it bathed in sunshine. She thought she had seen a beautiful big tree there a moment ago—but now the glen was all silent and all that remained was an old battered shoe.

She loved that shoe though in her childish heart she knew not why. She went over to it and picked it up, deciding to carry it home and show it to her grandfather. She knew he would love it because she did. She trotted back home, the shoe held tight in her fat little hand.

But that night as the fairy-folk entered the dell, no tall tree stood there to greet them; instead a glen, forlorn and forsaken.

"Where is our glen?" cried the queen. "Where is our glen?" cried the goblins, and "Where is our glen?" cried all the fairy-folk. "Our glen has been taken from us", she wailed and all the fairy-folk returned home weeping because a child had a battered old shoe which would bring sunshine and flowers into the heart of an old man and a little girl.

The glade stands now no longer bathed in sunshine, but sad and sorrowful because its good fairy has gone. And now the fairy-folk dance there no longer for they have found a new dell in which to dance the night away in joy and gladness.

N. MACKAY, VI-A.

ON SAYING GOOD-BYE

SAYING good-bye is supposed to be a peculiarly affecting ceremony. I am not sure that, in fact, it is so. It should be so, I grant you. In theory and in literature it is so. But while it is true that we look forward to it and back upon it with emotion, I very much doubt the emotional effectiveness of the actual moment itself. It is, too often, open to that worst of all dangers, emotionally speaking—I mean anticlimax.

This has been brought home to me with repeated force on the platforms of English railway stations. On this side of the world the more distressing scenes of this type are avoided, for at the big railway terminals one is not allowed to penetrate beyond the gates which guard the tracks, and at the wayside stations there is no time to indulge in valedictory rites. But in England our trains, though not habitual stoppers, when they do stop, are apt to linger for as much as ten minutes before leaving the stations. It is these ten minute pauses which are the ruin of all leave-takings.

Constraint begins to manifest itself before the train is in. One fidgets, one looks at the clock; one remarks perhaps, that the train is late, then remarks it again; then one's friend remarks it. But it is after the train is in the station, after one has seized a corner seat and is hanging out of the window for a last word, that a blankness quite indescribable descends with all the suddenness and impenetrability of a London fog and envelopes alike the see-er off and the seen. However intimate we were before, we are now as strangers. The springs of conversation are frozen within us; we talk in the manner of foreigners learning English from a phrase-book.

"You'll write won't you?" says my friend, well-knowing that I shall write.

"Oh, yes," I reply, "I'll write."

"Will you write first?" continues she.

"Oh rather. I'll write first," say I.

"It's lucky you have a corner seat," she goes on after a pause in which we both hope passionately that the train will go.

"Yes. This train is generally crowded." I know my cue.

"What time do you get to Paddington?" she herself has looked up the train for me and we both know this.

"4.15, if we're not late."

"You don't have to change?"

"No." "That's nice." "Yes."

"One generally has to change at Reading West——"

But I will not go on for the reader probably has this conversation by heart already. The exchange of pleasant banalities drags its slow length along until the long-desired whistle is heard and we are off. Sometimes there is a false start. The train gives a jerk and begins to move. One leans out of the window and shrieks "Don't forget to write." Then it comes to a halt again a few yards further up the platform, and the whole agonizing experience begins again.

I have often marvelled that two people whom the world would call intelligent and who an hour ago, perhaps, were discussing Beauty and Truth and the Curvature of Space, should be reduced by any external circumstances to such poverty of expression. I have noticed too that when one does shake off the paralysis for the moment and make a remark that might pass in normal conversation, fellow-passengers look at one another in a pained sort of way. This, they consider, is showing off; it is not quite decent; it is breaking the rules of the game. I know they are thinking this because I too have thought it, when I have been the one well-established in the compartment and it is a new comer who commits these faults in train etiquette. No doubt I too have on occasions looked pained.

Possibly the worst type of train-farewell is that in which one shares the one open window with another also engaged in the ceremony of leave-taking. Then one is forced to give place and to retire into the back ground, peering from time to time over the shoulder of one's rival or rivals, to express oneself in a pantomime of "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." The embarrassment caused by this nodding and becking process, I may here add, is increased tenfold when the parting takes place on a boat and friends are swept away a full half-hour before sailing time, to

a relegated place on the wharf from which conversation is impossible. I know of few sensations more miserable than this clinging to the rail and keeping a perpetual smile on one's face. One does not want to go away and one does not want to stay. All the while one smiles one's mind goes wandering down below where "they" no doubt are seizing the best places at table or taking for themselves the only possible bath-times. It would be a blessing, perhaps, if steamship companies banished our friends not only out of hearing but out of sight on these occasions. Yet if they did, we should call them hard-hearted.

It is the see-er off who has the worst of it in all good-byes. For him there is the blank desolation of the railway platform when the train has gone, or, worse, the squalid quay when the boat has disappeared from sight. And, while he is thinking only of his departing friend, the friend himself has a divided mind. He is thinking of a hundred things and luggage, tips, lunch even—and Oh! his corner seat. I have known the most estimable characters forget all that is due to friendship, all "propinquity and property of blood", at the moment when their train comes into the station, in a mad desire to see themselves and their luggage established. A blind primitive instinct seems to possess the best of us at such moments, and more especially when corner seats are in question. Here in Canada, where all seats have corners, the strain of departure, is, I think, immeasurably lessened. But even here I suppose, the parting guest has already begun his journey in spirit when the train appears, while his companion is left disconsolate, wondering whether it wouldn't have been better after all to stay at home.

Yet he will never stay at home while there are friends to be sped—nor will any of us. I had thought of a plan to do away with this painfulness of goodbyes. It was suggested to me by Captain Hook in Peter Pan—a gentleman whom the spirit moved to make his dying speech while he was alive and well, lest when the hour of death arrived there should not be time for speeches. Why not, then, thought I, say our farewells also before the time demands?—when we are still in the mood and have the leisure to enjoy our sorrow? I have often thought that the parting of Brutus and Cassius before the field of Philippi was ten times more beautiful and impressive than if it had been made in the heat of battle.

For ever and for ever farewell Cassius,
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Yet this plan is open to the very danger it is seeking to avoid—for there is no anticlimax more distressing than that of meeting again the person to whom one has just said good-bye. I remember having once achieved what I thought a truly eloquent and tender farewell. In order to avoid the scene at the station I saw my friend no further than the door. We

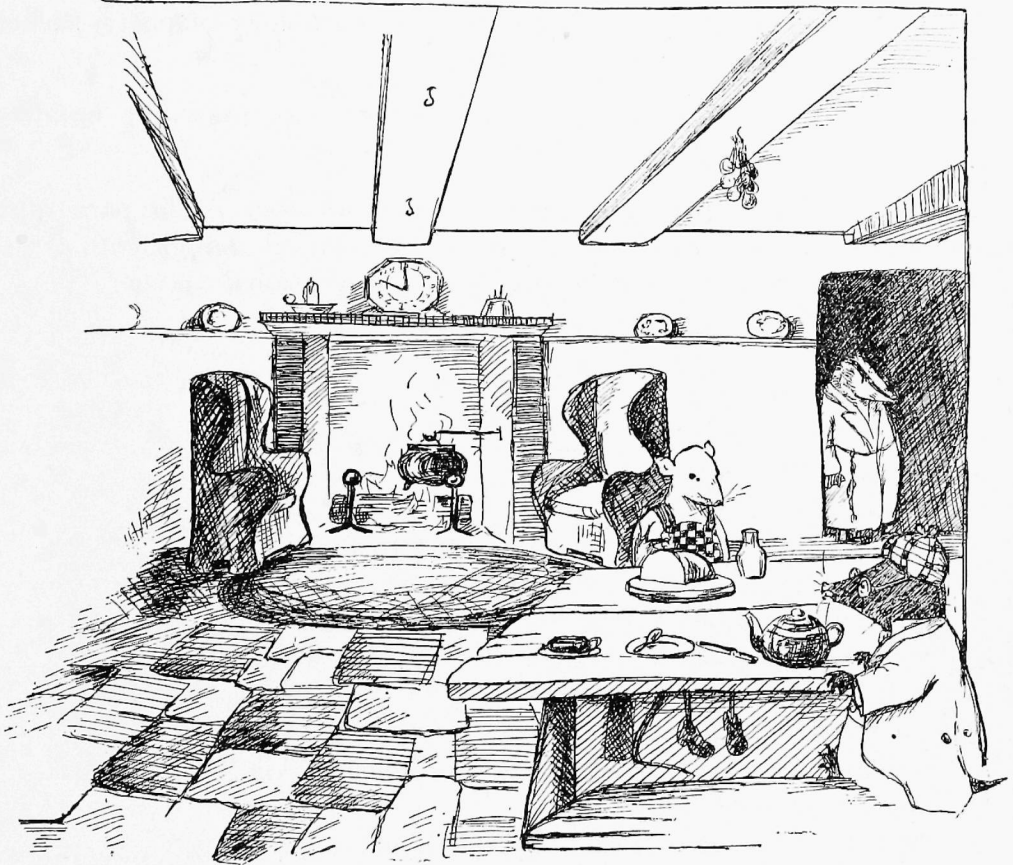
were not to meet again for the eternal sixteen weeks of the long vacation. An hour later I was walking down Street when I saw coming towards me the person who ought by this time to have been on her way to London. She had missed her train. I believe I was genuinely angry with her and I must say that she realized she was in the wrong and was properly apologetic. And I cannot help wondering if Brutus had seen Cassius coming towards him across the plains of Philippi, on the day after he had taken leave of him, would he have "smiled indeed" or would he not have felt a little resentful and just slightly ridiculous?

I believe there are people who never say good-bye, strong-minded souls who "steal away, give little warning" and then surprise their friends with post cards from the ends of the earth. I do not doubt that they are wise; that they are human is not so certain. For the self-inflicted torment of saying good-bye is in the end nothing to the misery of not saying it. We may agree with Mr. Rochester, who in parting from Jane Eyre, found the word "farewell" cold and inadequate, but we should not wish to abolish it from the language for all that. And if the State made a law tomorrow to prevent people saying good-bye, a special department would be needed to cope with the new and universal crime of illicit leave-taking.

J. M. H.



Competitions



PRIZE-WINNING DRAWING BY M. WOOD

In Badger's Kitchen

THE entries for the two competitions announced in our last number were disappointing, not in quality but in quantity. All the work submitted reached a very high standard, but there might have been many more attempts. Next year we hope that people will not need so much urging to try their luck.

The prizes this year were awarded, in the book-illustration competition to Molly Wood for her black and white drawing of the Badger's Kitchen, and in the literary competition to Nora Pirie for her story "Raven's Feathers" printed in this number of the magazine. The story competition was judged

by Miss Bryan of Trafalgar School, who commented on the high standard reached by the competitors and specially commended Barbara Planche's story.

The following competitions are announced for 1930-1931. The closing date will be March 1st, 1931.

Art.—A cover design for your own private anthology of poetry; black and white or colours; any title.

Literary:—A poem or prose sketch (of not more than five hundred words) with the title "Mist".

2. The title and opening paragraph of a short story. The paragraph should consist of not more than 150 words. The object should be to arrest the reader's attention but not necessarily in a sensational manner.

MARCH

Strong is she; and tall,
 Handsome; and fearless too.
 On steed a-champing, fretting and irate
 She rides, with head held high
 In proud defiance of the slumbering world.
 Bitter she seems and hard,
 Yet is she pure and gentle,
 Gentle as any new young lamb, but of its mother born,
 Frisking for very joy of life within the meadow,
 Wood and field alike, stir
 And arise at sound of her horse's hoofs,
 With frowning countenance she looks at all,
 And as she gazes her creaséd brow is smoothed,
 She smiles, and such a smile!
 Slow and lovely, sweet as any child's.
 Then, with a frown, she turns,
 Pettishly, with horse a-champing,
 Golden hair a-flying, balmy wind a blowing,
 She is gone.

L. SAVAGE, VI-B.



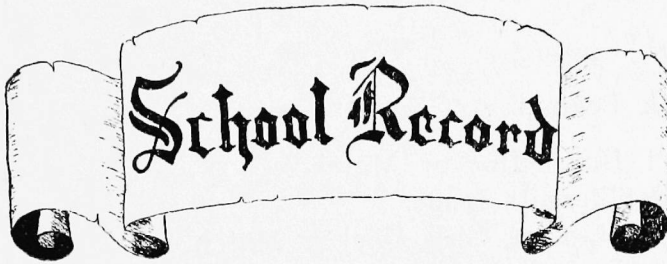
KING'S HALL



THE MATRICULATION FORM

FROM BACK ROW

M. BROUGH	M. ANDERSON	M. WOOD	
E. LANCASTER	W. MAGEE	E. ANDERSON	
M. HORNER	M. TURPIN	J. GLASSCO	J. NEALE



HEAD GIRL - - - - - Joan Glassco

House Captains

MONTCALM - - - - - Elizabeth Anderson
 RIDEAU - - - - - Joan Glassco
 MACDONALD - - - - - Mary Baillie

Prefects

Joan Glassco - - - - - (Matriculation)
 Elizabeth Anderson - - - - - "
 Mary Anderson - - - - - "
 Willa Magee - - - - - "
 Joan Neale - - - - - "
 Molly Wood - - - - - "
 Mary Baillie - - - - - (VI-A)
 Barbara Cochrane - - - - - "
 GAMES CAPTAIN - - - - - Eleanor Lancaster

Form Captains

Matriculation - - - - - Joan Glassco
 VI-A - - - - - Mary Baillie
 VI-B - - - - - Gwyneth Harding
 Bella Jaques
 V-A - - - - - Leila Pavey
 V-B - - - - - Vivian Harding
 IV - - - - - Florence King

SCHOOL CALENDAR—1929-1930

1929

- June 12th Closing.
- September 11th Beginning of School Year.
- October 10 & 11 House Hockey Matches.
 12th Treasure Hunt.
 19th Staff vs. Girls Hockey Match.
 26th Basketball Match vs. St. Helen's.
- November 2nd Hallowe'en Party.
 8th & 12th Thanksgiving Holiday.
 16th Return Match vs. St. Helen's.
 23rd Pirates of Penzance.
- December 13th Debate.
 18th End of Term.

1930.

- January 15th Beginning of Spring Term.
 22nd Miss Hood's Violin Recital.
 23rd Death of Egbert.
 25th Funeral.
- February 8th Christening of Senior Sitting-Room.
- March 1st Basketball Match Staff vs. Girls
 9th Miss Tugwell's Birthday.
 13th Birthday Party.
 22nd Swedish Drill Competition.
 24th Professor Adair's Visit.
- March 27th 28th Music Grading.
- April 1st & 4th Drawing Examinations.
 5th Basketball Match vs. Lennoxville.
 7th Debate.
 9th End of Term.
 23rd Beginning of Summer Term.

EVENTS OF THE YEAR

By the Poet Laureate

This tale instead of starting right
Is backwards going out of sight.
To Closing Day. Ah! what dread sound!
No worse could anywhere be found.
Will ever one of us forget
The meagre noise which out we let,
While singing "The Ship-Builders' Song?"
Alas! how sadly it went wrong.
But stay! I can no further go,
The very thought fills me with woe.
Suffice to say at last t'was o'er,
Another School Year was no more.

One night, the first term of this year,
The fire alarm rang in our ear,
But scarcely were we out of bed,
Than "Back again" the Captain said.
Once did Rideau, Montcalm and Mac
Together at Ground Hockey hack.
Macdonald won all. Then one eve
We had a Treasure Hunt with leave
To search the house. The greatest laugh
We had was when our noble staff
Beat us at Hockey. Then there came
The K.H.C.—St. Helen's Game
Of basket-ball and what a din
There was when our school team did win!
But when it came to Hallowe'en
Then costumes wonderful were seen,
Ghosts, cats, and even a witch with broom
Appeared. Then to the dining-room
And back up to the gym. to prance,
Our orchestra's most lively dance.

Alas! Thanksgiving week is o'er
And we are back at work once more.
Our team went to St. Helen's school
In the return match won their duel.
We practised "Pirates of Penzance"
For weeks. Then, spite of "wonts" and "cants",

The dread night came and curiously
It went with scarce a tragedy.
'Fore going home a debate we had,
"If heredity were good or bad
And what about Environment?"
And then we all were homewards bent,
To spend our Christmas holidays,
Which, may I add, were jolly days.
January fifteenth we came back;
All ski-able hills we did attack.
And then Miss Pruttsman and Miss Hood
Gave a recital, which was good.
And then our darling Egbert died,
(The funeral was held outside).
Then came the measles, fiery red
And half the School was put to bed;
Another K.H.C.—Staff Match
At basket-ball. And then a batch
Of form games started; the birthday
Of Miss Tugwell—a great array
Of Hokus-Pokus lay in wait,
Upstairs where a magician sate.
A gorgeous supper too was laid,
And ages at the feast we stayed.
The Competition—Swedish Drill
Was held one day from nine until
Recess. Then came Professor Adair,
Eager to see the work that there
Had been this year. And then one day
Bishop's Basketball team did play
Our team. We won. "Do people seem
Or books to influence us more?"
Was the debate—we argued for
An hour. Then last but scarcely least
Before we were from school released
Movies and Treasure Hunt we had
And then we packed, all feeling glad
And left next day for Montreal
With trunks, bags and valises all.

This term we scarcely have begun,
But hope to have still lots of fun,
With tennis and ere we leave school,
Come June Exams. Woe to the fool!

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Caste

Major General Stanley	-	-	-	-	-	B. Jaques
The Pirate King	-	-	-	-	-	J. Glassco
Samuel (his Lieutenant)	-	-	-	-	-	N. Pirie
Frederick	-	-	-	-	-	B. Cochrane
Sergt. of Police	-	-	-	-	-	M. L. Agnew
Mabel	-	-	-	-	-	C. Baptist
Edith	-	-	-	-	-	B. Beaumont
Kate	-	-	-	-	-	B. Gardner
Mabel	-	-	-	-	-	W. Magee
Ruth	-	-	-	-	-	R. Glassco

Pirates:—M. Anderson, M. Baillie, J. Buchanan, L. Martin, L. Pavey, N. Shorey.

Police:—T. Bond, M. Horner, N. Mackay, E. Mulholland, M. Turpin, M. Wood.

Daughters:—J. Barlow, M. Brough, A. Coristine, D. McConnell, J. McGibbon, L. Savage.

After the success of "H.M.S. Pinafore", which the School acted last year there was very little difficulty in choosing a play for this year. By common consent "The Pirates of Penzance" was chosen.

For many long weeks we toiled over and struggled with the songs and acting. How many times did we hear "Mabel—gym.—7.30," or "Pirates in the gym. at 8 sharp. What—you have a music lesson? Well get it changed", or "Where is the Major-General. Has **anyone** seen Bella?" But all at last was prepared and the dress rehearsal a thing of the past. On Saturday, November 23rd, the big event of the term, more important even than the exams,—the play took place.

It was supposed to start at 7.30, but like most amateur exhibitions it was a few minutes late. To tell the truth it was much nearer 8 o'clock when, after one last rustle behind the scenes all became silent and the signal for the curtains to be pulled aside and for the orchestra to begin, rang out. Immediately the curtain was drawn to reveal to the expectant audience the pirates in their "very picturesque uniform" lounging about the stage. By the time the spectators had noticed all details, from the excellent scenery to the smallest matter of interest in the dress of the pirates, the prelude was over and the opera had begun.

Before long we gathered that the tall apprentice deemed it his duty to sweep the pestilent scourges—the pirates—from the face of the earth, now that he was out of his indentures. Soon, however, he met Mabel, one of General Stanley's many daughters and at once fell victim to her charms. After many complications everything worked out just like a book. The pirates, even as they were going to be marched off to prison were saved by the revelation that they were "all noblemen gone wrong." Then the final song broke out and the curtain dropped. It was indeed a great success and I think all the actors—or should I say actresses?—should be complimented on their acting and singing. The choir also deserves much praise for the way it performed its less showy but not less significant part.

I should like to take here the opportunity of thanking, on behalf of the School, Miss Lewis for all she did with regard to the singing and acting and Miss Pearce for her very able accompanying. Perhaps it is needless to say that after the play was over, we all found our evenings very dull and empty.

E. ANDERSON (Matric.)

SCHOOL DEBATES

IS HEREDITY STRONGER THAN ENVIRONMENT?

ON the night of Friday, December the thirteenth, the last week-end of the Michaelmas term, a debate was held in the gymnasium, under the chairmanship of Joan Glassco. The entire school and part of the staff were present.

The motion before the House was that "Heredity is stronger than Environment." The speakers for the affirmative were Mary Anderson and Ruth Glassco, and for the negative, Claire Meldrum and Joy McGibbon.

Mary Anderson, the first speaker, presented her points to the House in an emphatic and decisive manner. She gave famous examples, Shakespeare who certainly was not inspired by his surroundings—in all probability a butcher's shop—must have inherited his writing ability. She also stated that in the Great War the British and the Germans were in the same environment but that the fine character of the British showed up in a better light.

Claire Meldrum then spoke for the negative. After refuting some of her worthy opponent's points, she proceeded to put before the House the strength and goodness of environment. She showed how the social workers in London, New York and other great centres of the world's commerce, were purifying the slums. She pointed out also Oliver Cromwell, although not of a military family, acquired so much from the Army that he became Lord Protector of Great Britain.

The second speaker for the affirmative was Ruth Glassco, who very clearly presented her points. Criminal instincts, she said, were inherited, also sound judgment, strong will and moral force. She told us the story of a flower girl who, educated and trained, was passed as a duchess, but she was so miserable that she returned to her own crude abode.

Joy McGibbon, the last speaker, refuted some of the points of the affirmative, then gave her own; that the people of the Equatorial and Temperate Zones had very different characters, due to the atmosphere and environment; also that the Shawbridge Reform Farm has done good for the many unfortunate young boys who have been led astray.

The Chairman then declared the debate open to discussion; the point was brought before the House about the wonderful foresight of Disraeli, which is inherited. Many other good points were presented and after some minutes of heated discussion the debate was closed. The result of the voting was that the motion was carried, Heredity leading by a majority of forty-six votes.

B. GARDNER, VI-A.

HAVE PEOPLE MORE INFLUENCE THAN BOOKS?

ON Monday evening, April 7th, the school assembled in the Gym. to listen to a debate. The motion brought before the House was—"That People have more Influence than Books." The Chairman for the evening was Mary Anderson; the speakers for the affirmative were Barbara Cochrane and Bella Jacques, for the negative Joan Glassco and Mary Turpin. Several members of the Staff were present, and they helped us greatly by discussing several points.

One of the strongest points for the affirmative side was that books are, after all, people, and if people put themselves into a book it can be put before millions, whereas some who have the opportunities to read good books, may never have the opportunity to see the writers. The speaker for the negative also pointed out to us that several famous people, such as Keats and Bunyan, had been greatly influenced by books, when the influence of people had failed.

The speakers for the affirmative said that, if a person read a book and was greatly influenced by it, if they had a great friend whom they respected, that friend would have a far greater influence if their opinion differed from that of the book.

The discussion became quite heated at times, and the school was most generous in stating its several opinions. The chairman brought the meeting to a close and the votes were counted. The affirmative side won by a majority of 10. This was the last debate of our Easter Term.

B. R. GLASSCO, VI-A.



1929-30

ALTHOUGH it may seem rather late to write about sports day last year, I am sure everybody will be interested. Sports Day, or rather days, as it took two days to complete the events, was held on June 5th, 1929.

The senior Sports Cup was won by B. Cochrane, who defeated H. Richardson by a very narrow margin.

J. Oliver and M. Bunbury tied for the Junior Sport's Cup.

The tennis tournament took place just before the closing. Everybody took a great interest in it, and the whole school watched the finals of both the singles and the doubles.

A. Sheppard won the Senior Tennis Singles, defeating B. Cochrane, while V. Harding beat P. Dunn for the Junior Cup.

In the Senior Doubles, A. Newton and B. Cochrane defeated J. Glassco and J. Cassils. A. and P. Dunn won the Junior Doubles.

M. Gurd won the Senior Best All Around Gymnast, while the Junior Cup was won by L. Pavey.

J. Glassco won the Senior Aesthetic Dancing Cup for the second successive year.

B. Beaumont won the Junior Cup.

Hockey

Upon returning to school in September, we started hockey, and several exciting matches were played off before the field was entirely covered by snow. Some of the results are:—

MacDonald won in the House Matches.

The Old Girls beat the New Girls.

The Lower Corridor beat the Upper.

East beat the West.

The Staff Straggler's Hockey Eleven defeated the School Team, 4-2.

Basketball

We also played a great deal of basketball, and on October 26th, a team came from St. Helen's. We beat them 96-12.

On November 16th, our team went to St. Helen's, and beat them again, 57-22.

We played basketball during the winter term, but only had one outside game owing to an epidemic of measles, which kept us in quarantine. The Form Matches were played, and Form VI-A proved themselves victorious.

The Staff got up a team and played us; the School won, 68-28.

On April 5th, the Bishop's Team played us on our own floor. It was a very exciting game and we won. After the game we took the other team to our sugar camp, where we spent some time in beating—and eating, latire.

Result: April 5th.—K.H.C. vs. Bishop's, at Compton, King's Hall won, 67-36.

The Inter-House Basketball Matches were played on April 7th.

Results: MacDonald vs. Montcalm.

MacDonald won, 28-9.

MacDonald vs. Rideau.

MacDonald won, 15-10.

Rideau vs. Montcalm.

Rideau won, 32-15.

School Basketball Team

Name	Position
J. Glassco - - - - -	Jumping Centre
E. Lancaster - - - - -	Side Centre
B. Cochrane - - - - -	Forward
M. Turpin - - - - -	Forward
M. Baillie - - - - -	Guard
B. Gardner - - - - -	Guard
Subs:—G. Harding, M. Anderson, R. Glasco.	

Badminton

We also played Badminton during the year, and had a tournament at the end of the first two terms.

Result:—Singles:—E. Lancaster beat E. Anderson, 15-11, 12-15, 15-10.

Doubles:—A. Coristine and S. Seagram won against R. Glasco and E. Lancaster by the best two sets out of three.

Swedish Competition

The Swedish Competition between the forms was held on March 22nd. Miss Wayne, of the McGill University Department of Physical Education, came to judge it, and she presented the Ayton Cromwell Shield to B. Cochrane, the VI-A leader.

Result:—Form	Leader	Marks
VI-A	B. Cochrane	85
Matriculation	J. Glassco	83
VI-B	B. Jaques	81
V-A	M. L. Agnew	79
V-B	S. Price	71
IV	F. Baptist	68

Owing to Miss Keyzer's suggestion, and with her help, we formed an Athletic Association with E. Lancaster as President; M. Baillie, Secretary; J. Neale, Treasurer; Miss Keyzer and J. Glassco as Honorary members.

This year the School Basketball and Hockey Teams were given crests.

Skiing and Skating

The skiing this year was very good, and the Farm Hill was usually crowded by ski-ers practising the telemark.

The skating rink also drew a large number of skaters every day. The school owes a vote of thanks to Jimmy for the good condition in which he kept it.

Riding, tennis, and golf took up a great deal of our time during the first and last term. We play golf on the Waterville course.

Several new horses were bought this year, and the riding enthusiasts made the most of the fine days.

As the tennis tournament will not have been played off when this goes to press, we cannot give the result; nor can we give the results of Sports Day, which will not be until the end of the term.

I think we owe a great deal to Miss Keyzer for the way in which she coached us during the year, and for the time she gave to the School Basketball Team.

E. LANCASTER,
Sports Captain.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT MOVIES

Movies! I think that is what we all find one of the most pleasant events of the week. The only fault we do have with them, is when early on Saturday morning we come into our form-room and are greeted by our form captain with the words: "Twenty cents, please" but a groan, a slip of a facial muscle is practically all we display, and we usually hand over our twenty cents with a smile, as we think of the fun we are to have in the evening. All through the day we hear inquiries as to what the movie is going to be, and if we find that it is featuring one of our favourite actresses or actors, we become even more enthusiastic, and then we pass on to our chums the good news.

We have been particularly fortunate in having many movies which we really enjoyed and liked very much, such as "Let 'er go, Gallagher" and "The Runaway Express," in which we spent many exciting moments. "The Dress Parade" was another movie which we liked very well, although I am afraid there were a few tears shed during its process. Altogether, I think we enjoy the movies very well, but we only wish that our somewhat erratic machine were as good as the excellent movies which are sent to us.

M. FERGUSON, V-A.

GIRL GUIDE NOTES

It is evening on the 5th October and behind the trees a golden red sun is sinking to rest. It is getting dark in the woods and a little cold too; twelve rather small Guides are gathered in a circle around a glowing fire, it had been four small fires half an hour before and busy hands were cooking supper, now hands are clasped around knees and blue clad figures are singing. They rise and join hands in a circle, the almost leafless trees stand tall and bare silhouetted against a crimson sky; across the still air there floats:—

The golden sun sinks in the West,
Great Spirit calls Girl Guides to rest.

Upon my honour I will try
To do my duty, God on high.

All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh.

As we left the woods someone said "It is the best Guide picnic we've ever had." I had been to many, but I answered: "Yes, I think it is."

It is silent in the gym. Miss Tugwell is there and several of the staff; it is the first enrolment of the year; a voice is saying "Can I trust you on your honour to obey the Guide Law?" A small voice replies: "I promise on my honour to do my best" Then the recruit hears from beside her: "To your patrol, quick march," she breathes a sigh of relief; she looks at her tenderfoot pin. That is safely over, she is now as the Captain has just said "one of the great sisterhood of the Guides."

There are five tents in the gym., and five patrols are hard at work at their tent-doors writing a receipt, they are earning their breakfast at camp. Peals of mirth are soon heard from all sides when it is announced that for porridge for ten people, three cups of oatmeal are required and a gallon of water. "Well", say the derided ones, "it isn't a bit worse than your packet of oatmeal to a pint of water, at least ours wouldn't burn and it could be boiled for a long time." "It is fun this playing at camp, isn't it," said a Guide to her Leader "and we're learning a lot too?" "We must win the camp sanitation game to make up for that oatmeal business eh?"

There is a sound of scurrying feet in the lounge and cries of "Where is she? Where is she? Oh, where did we come, it never could be first?"

"No, second," said a figure holding a letter in her hand but the judges said that as far as furniture and interior finish were concerned our work was almost as perfect as it could be and they commended it very highly."

So the dolls' houses for the Duggan Shield had been judged and our weeks of work had been rewarded. We came second, and as a little Guide remarked "That isn't bad, is it?"

These are the scenes to which one's mind goes back at the end of this year's Guiding; they are representative ones even if they say nothing of gymnast, child nurse and other proficiency badges, first and second class work and the joy of welcoming into our midst two first class guides (W. Magee and R. Glassco), who have been a tremendous inspiration and help to the Company, and three second class Guides (L. Savagè, H. Mathias and C. Meldrum)—one of whom came to us from an American Girl Scout Troop.

We have had a good year full of the fun, laughter and work which go to make up the essence of true Guiding, and our place in the Shield Competition is a happy finish to it.

As we say good-bye to several of the Patrol Leaders and older Guides we would like to think that they would soon join the ranks of the Guiders and help, through Guiding, to bring happiness into the lives of others, particularly into those of children in Canadian cities in whose lives there is less sunshine than in their own. That should be the contribution of a company in a school like King's Hall to this world-wide movement for truer friendship and greater service.

D. E. MURPHY.

THE SCHOOL AT PLAY

Saturday Night at K.H.C.

A Breathless hush. A chord is struck by the impassive figure at the piano and all rise in perfect unison, marred only by an unfortunate individual who has entangled herself in her chair and is only extricated with difficulty and giggles by those near her.

Peace restored, the first verse of "O Canada" rings out across the gym. in youthful voices quivering with patriotism. Indeed someone is so patriotic that she is absent-mindedly singing "God Save the King." Recalled to herself by sundry stares and nudges, she subsides in blushes and is not again heard of during the evening.

The staff always sings "O Canada" with the greatest energy. It is difficult, nay, impossible, to distinguish their words in the middle of the verse, but the end, where we call upon our country, is unmistakable. It must be said that their spirit is willing if their words are weak.

After "We stand on guard for thee," the chairs groan simultaneously as the school reseats itself. There is another hush as Baillie, standing by the moving-picture machine, pulls out a button and the reels start to revolve. There is a yell of "Lights," and the room is darkened. The film unfolds itself gradually while a shadowy figure creeps down to the radio by the screen. There is a faint buzz, then, gradually growing louder, a man's voice is heard: "The forests of Canada are greater——" but it is hurriedly switched onto what is evidently a Scotch reunion, for a Celtic voice is heard singing, "And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee," followed by a bag-pipe selection. This is also switched off despite the protests of the Scotch members of the audience. At last "Should I" is struck and the prefect creeps back to her seat.

The picture is becoming interesting; the hero and heroine, and also the villain, whose moustache is unmistakable, have been introduced. Suddenly the even purr of the machine is slackened and gradually stopped. The lights go on and levers are pushed. Once there is a sign of hope, but no, the machine is in reverse. At last Jimmy is fetched and it is announced that there will be dancing until it is fixed. The radio, which is in the middle of announcing that "The concert you have just heard is broadcasted to you from station PRQS, New York City, by the Wrigley Chewing Gum Company of America every Saturday evening at this hour; Wrigley's Chewing Gum, which can be obtained at any drug or candy store, is America's finest——" is turned off and a record is put on. In about two minutes Baillie shouts: "Lights." Again the room is plunged into darkness, and

the dancers blindly find their seats—or somebody else's—upsetting a great many collapsible chairs on the way. But the machine again stops at the same place. Almost all hope of ever seeing the villain's ultimate downfall is given up, so chairs are pushed back and the audience dances. But Baillie and Jimmy refuse to give up, and they continue to tinker with the machine. At last there is once again a cry of "Lights" and the audience promptly sits on the floor. There is a long sigh of relief as the machine really works.

The reels progress equably until the climax is reached in the fifth reel—sometimes the sixth—when, for instance, the express is dashing madly to its doom, the engine driver is killed, the heroine is aboard, the bridge is down and the frenzied hero is riding on horseback to catch up with it. When the train is stopped on the very edge of the chasm, a load noisily lifts itself from the minds of the excited watchers. Someone discovers she has pulled part of her best evening dress to pieces in her excitement, but her bemoanings about, "What ever will Mother say?" are cut short by the second chord of the evening. Again all rise. The National Anthem is swelling on the breeze. A loud-voiced singer in the back of the room is sadly off tune, but, as she is ignorant of the fact, no one objects.

Before, after and during the dances the air is peppered with such remarks as: "Gee, I like your dress! It's awfully cute!"

"Thanks."

"Gosh, your dress is a marvellous colour!"

"Do you really think so? I think it's hideous!"

"Your dress is simply darling. Is it new?"

"Heavens, no! Haven't you ever seen it before?"

There are usually three or four dances. The first is quiet, in the second, the possessor of an evening dress with a detachable skirt, loses the skirt and stands shorn until it is buckled on, resolving, no doubt, to sew it on at the earliest opportunity; in the third, a pair of ambitious individuals withdraw to a corner and practice new and original steps; in the fourth, a lover of fresh air approaches a window to pull up the blind, but pulls it down instead. It lands on her partner's head, who is hardly recovering from the shock when it is announced that we had better go to bed. Then we are refreshed with lemonade and sandwiches—at least, those who get to the hall first are refreshed with lemonade and sandwiches.

And so to bed.

C. MELDRUM, VI-A.

OLD GIRLS AND NEW

O well we remember
In good days of yore,
How we came to Compton
Fears well to the fore.

But the old order changeth,
Gives place to the new—
Now new kids walk in here
With qualms all too few.

Old customs have faded
Though some we recall—
“Take down my shoes, you!”
Matrics used to call.

In fear and in trembling
Their call we obeyed,
Not even a “thank you”
Our trouble repaid.

At awesome “truth meetings,”
We used to be squashed,
With biting remarks like:
“You ought to be washed.”

And “please to remember,
New kids one and all,
To let old girls go first
Through the door to the hall.”

When properly flattened,
By words such as these,
We’d make our escape then
With sob and with wheeze.

Now new kids arrive here
With honking of horn;
Not one wretched child
Appears sad and forlorn!

M. TURPIN (Matriculation).

CONCERNING MEASLES

By Divers Victims

I KNEW several days before that I was getting them, but when I actually did "blossom in purple and red" I didn't believe the heartless wretches who informed me that I had measles. I was even idiot enough to do a whole lot of extra prep!

Then I was sent up to the Hospital. As yet I had seen no spot, but in a pig-headed way, they put me to bed. The next day I felt unaccountably warm. I grasped my mirror, and "then felt I like some watcher of the skies . . ." for my face had reached the shade of a blush-rose. Can I ever forget those next few days? All around me were recuperating people, crying for second helpings of pancakes. Pancakes!—while I, with many moans, thought of the meals the nurse gave me. Orangeade for breakfast, dinner and supper. Then on Sundays, as a treat, one was given lemonade. However, there were a few bright spots (not measles spots) in my life at that time. Some well meaning friends would dash in at dead o'night to slip cookies and candies under my pillow. Once, in a fit of generosity, someone gave me an apple.

The only thing I enjoyed my first week in bed was the amount of sleep I got. I slept blissfully most of the day and made up for the times my slumbers in class had been rudely interrupted by the voice of one crying: "N . . . Exactly how long did you spend on this prep?" (I generally woke up abruptly at this point).

My second week I was allowed to get up. Then we all (there were six of us) would have parties in each other's rooms. The most fun, though, was on Sundays in "Rest". Then we would play "Train," a very complicated game and have thumping contests to see how often we could make the mistress on duty come to tell us to keep quiet. Noise was our greatest joy. Sometimes we would all retire to one room and laugh for hours about nothing.

And even when we were allowed to mingle with the rabble downstairs we had fun—for we did no prep. and could walk out of any lesson we found boring. We had our eyes for an excuse. And we were also the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes", for we wore blue and green glasses.

Though we missed two weeks of lessons and were behind in all our work I for one, am not sorry, for I have never enjoyed missing class so fully in my life.

II

"Oh, dear, I've got a horrid cold,
What's more, a pain inside my head,
My throat is sore as it can be—
Perhaps I'd better go to bed."

So soon between the cool white sheets,
In comfort, warmth and peace, she lay,
She couldn't work or do her prep.,
In fact, began to feel quite gay.

Next morning she felt hot and dry,
Her head was like a lump of lead,
She turned to face her roommate and
Her roommate turned and fled!

Wildly she faced the looking glass,
The sight she saw produced a stare:
For on her face a million spots
Were fighting with her ginger hair!

Shrieking, "Nurse!" she dashed upstairs,
Not even halting to explain
To tousled heads on either side,
Wondering if she were sane.

The nurse remarked her fiery hue,
And dropped into the nearest chair,
Shudderingly murmured, "What a face
To put, to put with such red hair!"

"It isn't real measles, is it?"
"I'm afraid so and you'll be sent
O'er to the Cottage isolate
Where ten whole days lone must be spent."

The first few days were very dull,
For she was feeling rather ill,
But, though she couldn't eat a thing
She drank, and drank her fill.

Some loving schoolmates wrote to her,
More affectionate friends did not,
So she resolved, when she got back,
To give it to them good and hot.

At length she was sent back to school
Although with rather deep regret,
But feeling rather better when
Her joyful friends again she met.

She started an epidemic which
They'll ne'er forget at K.H.C.,
A tale come down from year to year—
The measles of 1930.

III

"She's got a fever!
Are all the curtains drawn?
There we'd better leave her
Next day it may be gone."
Silence in the corridor,
Quiet in the hall
She's got **Measles**.

"No you can't have breakfast,
Well, perhaps some orangeade,
Now see the door is shut fast,
And close the window-shade."
Silence in the corridor,
Quiet in the hall,
She's got **Measles**.

"Nurse! Wherever is she?
Nurse! I want some food.
Nurse! What will you give me
If I am very good?"
Silence in the corridor,
Quiet in the hall,
You've got **Measles**.

"Please can I have some toddy,
I've only had one glass,
Then can I have some candy?"
But on the nurse does pass.
Silence in the corridor,
Quiet in the hall,
She's got **Measles**.

And now I'm up and mended,
 It always is the same,
 The song is never ended,
 New victims Nurse does claim,
 "Silence in the corridor,
 Quiet in the hall,
 They've got Measles."

HEARD AT THE CLOSING.

1st Fourth Former:—"Imagine, **no more school** for almost three months."

2nd Fourth Former:—"Won't it be marv'lous! Three whole months—Oh gee! What's next . . . the School song?"

1st F.F.:—"Yes. Gosh, think of all those lucky Matrics never coming back here again . . . I bet they're glad that they'll never sing this old song after today."

2nd F.F.:—"Isn't it the most **awful** thing to learn? I thought I'd **never** learn it."

School:—"Forty years on, when afar and asunder
 Parted are those who are singing today"

1st Matric:—(stage whisper)—"You know, I'm beginning to realize that it **will** be "forty years on" someday. Heavens! Remember when we were in the Fourth Form, and used to sing this without even thinking about it?"

2nd Matric:—(also in whisper)—"I know . . . I simply can't **realize** that this is our last year, can you?"

1st Matric:—"Oh stop—honestly, I hate the thought of leaving. I almost feel like weeping!"

2nd Matric:—"And to think that about four years ago we used to roar with laughter at the thought of being sorry when we left school."

1st Matric:—"You know that thing they're always saying—about your schooldays being the happiest days of your life?"

2nd Matric:—"Do I! You know, I **almost** believe it now—but not quite, I must confess. Sh! Now're the speeches.

Interval for speeches.

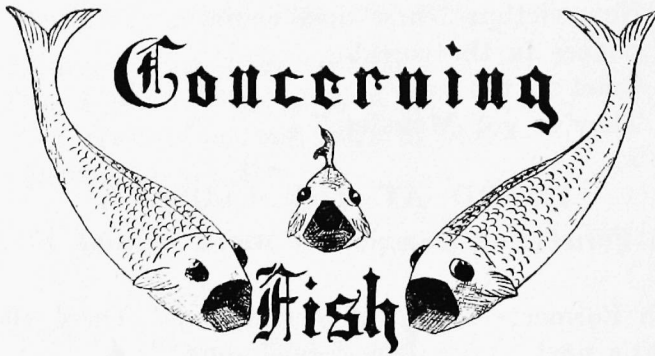
1st F.F.:—"Prize-giving's next. Oh James, bring my wheelbarrow, please!"

2nd F.F.:—"Hey, I need an aeroplane!"

1st F.F.—"Just **look** at those lucky Matrics. Gosh, they give me a pain when I think of us prob'ly staying here for life, if not longer."

2nd F.F.—"Yes, they are lucky . . . Golly it's hot in here!"

M. TURPIN, (Matriculation).



THE FUNERAL

Pong! — Pong! — Pong! — Pong!

The slow procession of mourners moved forward.

It was the 25th of January, a cold bleak day, when we laid Egbert to rest in the dark earth. He had been ill for a week, and though he had the best of attention, he succumbed on January 23rd.

They gave him pills of epsom,
 And dosed him cups of salt,
 And then they said, "He needs some
 More of extract of malt."

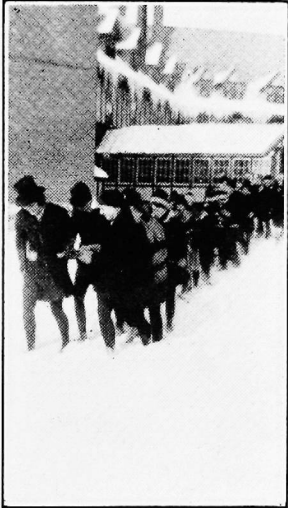
They gave him aspirin tablets,
 And said, "Who has a knife?"
 Then someone whispered, "Now let's
 Give some brandy to his wife."

During the days of his illness, large crowds of anxious admirers stood in front of the bulletin board, and eagerly watched for good news, but alas! they were doomed to disappointment.

Now as the mourners followed the coffin, waves of sorrow swept over them and deep sobs could be heard as they applied their handkerchiefs to their tear-streaming eyes. All were in dark garb, and walked in twos.

First walked the sexton with the bell. (Even this seemed to toll with feeling). Next came the grave-diggers with spade in hand; then came the pall-bearers carrying the small black coffin, followed by the organ (mouth) playing the Dead March. The organist was followed by the preacher, chief mourner, and last of all the assistant mourners.

The Funeral of EGBERT GOLDFISH



THE PROCESSION
Leaving the School

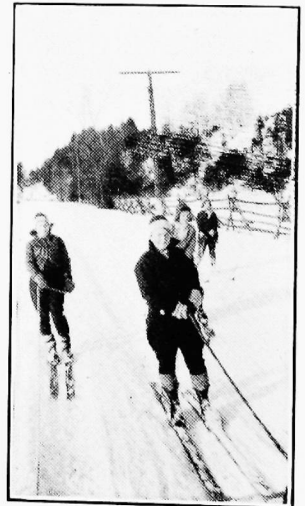
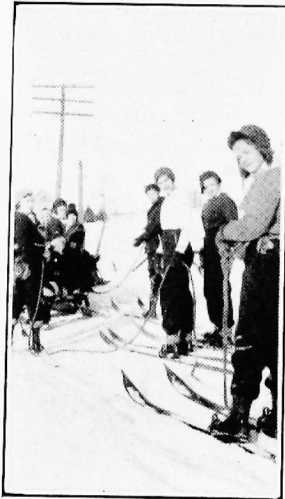
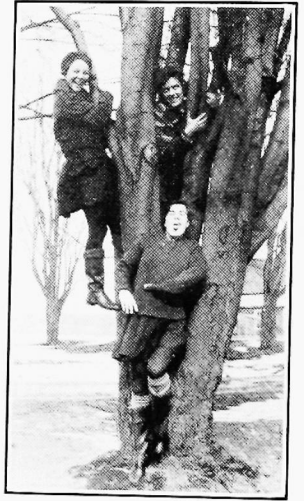


MISS TUGWELL
watches the Funeral



THE CHIEF MOURNER
and Another

HOW KING'S HALL AMUSES ITSELF



As the grave was being dug, the preacher read "The Plea That was not Answered," while the sad group of followers wept quietly. Then, while Egbert was slowly lowered to his last resting place "The Dirge," a composition by the VI-A poet, was chanted.

Softly and quietly,
Gently and holily,
Weeping and sorrowfully,
See the dead body lie.
Make one more loving prayer
For the one lying there,

Quiet and motionless,
Filled with deep peacefulness.
Now with soft sorrowing
One last remembrance sing,
Then, weeping sorrowfully,
Let the body lie
Cold.

After the earth had covered the coffin a tombstone was erected by the National Board of Health. It was a beautiful monument, having the body of a large goldfish painted at the top of a tall column. Following this, the preacher read: "A Fish's Heaven," by Rupert Brooke.

Thus the sorrowful event ended, and the mourners returned slowly home.

M. BAILLIE, VI-A.



STIRRING SCENES IN THE GYM. WHO KILLED AGNES?

A FISHY TRIAL

By our Special Correspondent.

On February 21st, 1930, the greatest trial in the annals of King's Hall—and there are many trials there—was held in the vaulted gymnasium, when Miss D. E. Murphy, B.A., was tried for the murder of Agnes Goldfish. The prisoner, resplendent in red tuque and scarf, was lead in by her jealous guards (**they** could only wear tunics) and placed in the prisoner's box. Next the jury was sworn in. I have seen many pantomimes and plays, but nothing can be compared with the glorious sight which the jury presented. They were drawn from all over the school so as to be the equals of the illustrious Miss Murphy. There were four mistresses, two wee sailor lads, who gleefully giggled at the proceedings; a country yokel who hated history; an old lady, who looked as though she had stepped from between the pages of Cranford; two Bohemian artists feeling and looking entirely out of place; and, last but not least, the head-man, who wore pyjamas and a scarlet blazer. These were all sworn in except Willie, the country bumpkin whom Miss Murphy did not consider her equal. Willie, naughty boy, had had too many history returns.

The Prosecuting Attorney stated her facts on behalf of the unfortunate Agnes and begged the jury to see that justice should be done. She then called upon her witnesses, the Misses Green and Lancaster.

Miss Green gave her facts very vaguely and contributed very little to the evidence. She was more concerned with whether her hair was in place and her nose powdered, than whether Miss Murphy was acquitted or found guilty. This attitude was not appreciated by some.

Miss Lancaster, the former owner of the deceased, told where she had bought the fish. The store was of a good standing and reputation.

The Counsel for the Defence then arose and in sonorous tones stated her facts. She asked the jury in pleading tones if anyone with a face like the prisoner could poison a fish. This statement won applause and did much to bring about the final judgment. She called her witnesses, the Misses Pirie, Baptist and MacKay, Miss Pirie, "Nonie", as she is called by her compatriots, is the poetess of the form and a well-known writer. You have probably read many of her works. She said that she felt a poem coming on so she hurriedly dressed and went downstairs to wander 'neath the "dying lady, lean and pale." On the way down the "glass" passage she heard a

noise! Instant fear struck her heart and left her cold and shaking. She imagined burglars, and being a poet imagined them more vividly than they were. A board creaked! She paused. Nonie had heard someone in VI-A. Someone who was large and clumsy. When asked if she could give the approximate weight of the person she replied: "One hundred and fifty pounds." This rather startling information was received with gasps and by some with shrieks.

Miss Baptist, the next witness, a young school-marm, took the stand. She was sure that Miss Murphy had never poisoned the fish, Agnes, because Miss Murphy took such an active interest in her and was most anxious during the illness of Egbert. She primly retired after this discourse and Miss MacKay next took the stand. This juvenile miss was timid and gave her answers in a low shaky voice. She was, after all, only nine and she felt sure Susie, her dolly, was sleepy and crying to go to bed.

The prisoner was then questioned, and, on returning to the prisoner's box, said: "Do I look as if I weighed one hundred and fifty?" She certainly didn't.

The jury then retired and there hung a fearful suspense over the courtroom.

Solemnly the twelve apostles of justice returned and, answering the ponderous question of the ponderous judge, the head-man, in pyjamas and blazer, arose and said: "Not guilty mi' Lord."



FROM THE "DISPERSED MEDITATIONS" OF
BEULAH GOLDFISH

February 14th, 1930.

Dear Diary:—The most terrible thing has happened. Last night as our water was being changed, Alphonse Tichicoco was **dropped!** They brought him home nearly bleeding to death and one of his eyes has gone **blind!** Poor thing! He swims around lopsidedly and I feel so sorry for him. Especially as it looks like an attempt at suicide—men generally do, you know, when disappointed in love. I wish I hadn't refused him because he is good-looking with his dark hair and moustache—the Spanish type. I think he looks like John Gilbert and he's **so** romantic! You have no idea how thrilled I was! But I have determined never to marry. Here comes the History Teacher (her name is Miss Murphy) to feed us. She seems to have a passion for feeding Alphonse—I feel jealous. Well here's breakfast and I must stop.

February 15th.

I feel just **awful.** Poor Alfie is looking so sick and his eye is much worse. He says he didn't sleep all night. Just now Agnes Goldfish is bandaging his head. She is the young widow of Egbert Goldfish. I would never trust a woman who knew all about poisons the way she does!

February 16th.

Dearest Diary:—The most **awful** thing has happened to me! Alfie, the one who a short while ago laid his heart at my **feet**, is gadding about with Agnes! O, I can't **think**, I'm so filled with sorrow.

February 17th.

My heart is broken.

February 18th.

Agnes is dead. She was found dead yesterday. The trial of Alphonse. is in two days. He is accused of homicide. Miss Murphy also is taken to be his accomplice. I wish I were dead.

February 20th.

The trial was today. I'm glad Alphonse is safe. He got off on grounds of insanity. Miss Murphy also is let off—but she had a good lawyer. I can never forgive Alphonse for what he has done.

March 25th.

Nothing has happened during these weeks. Everything is more peaceable without Agnes.

March 26th.

Today Alfy proposed again and I accepted him. My jealousy has been gone since she died. The wedding is to be quiet.

March 31st.

Well we are married. I'm so happy! Alfy has told me all the follies of his youth, but every wife should have some secret from her husband, so I didn't tell him that because I was so jealous I bit Agnes to death.

ARE WE PREPARED?

IT happened on a Wednesday afternoon when the 1st Compton Company of Girl Guides were sitting (on rugs) outside the School. Everyone was working hard at an "Intelligence Test," when a shrill blast pierced the fuggy air, cutting it in six parts, and flinging it asunder.

The Captain (Miss Murphy) jumped to her feet; **she** was prepared!

"Girl Guides—Be Prepared," she called in a quivering voice. The Guides jumped to their feet, gathered sticks and stones, fetched pails of water, dug trenches, carried off the fainting and bandaged sprained ankles. What was it? The Germans? No doubt another Great War. Maybe a fire at Maplehurst. Perhaps it was a Another shrill shriek, not quite so loud this time. The Company formed fours and were about to attack. The leader, as if she were a clever spy, peered in the VI-A classroom where the voice seemed to be greatly magnified.

Cochrane was laughing!

B. R. GLASSCO, VI-A.

WISDOM FROM THE SENIOR SCHOOL

"Now, girls, when the Professor comes in, for goodness sake look intelligent; ask questions, and whatever you do, don't let me do all the talking."

Suddenly the door opened and in walked the Professor. There was an ominous silence Then, the lesson was resumed.

"Now what would you consider were the chief causes of the Crimean War, M——y?"

M——y arose with a confident smile. "Well"—(there was a pause). "Well you see, as Russia is so near Australia, the British were afraid the Turks would get it." She sat down beaming.

The Professor made a note of this startling revelation, then rose and left the room.

The next class he entered was Latin. Unfortunately our champion Latin student was not reading. B——s lost her place. In a moment of wild despair she asked her neighbour what "ferro" meant. Loud whispers informed her that "to bear," was the translation. Reassured she continued: "Ceasar saw two bears, and" She never finished. To the complete mortification of the form, the Professor laughed, and the bell for recess rang.

WISDOM FROM THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

We have heard:—

That all girls must take hymn-books and **plasters** to prayers.

That if the hands of the clock at three o'clock form a right-angle, the hands at nine o'clock must form a left-angle.

That the comparative and superlative of **forth** are **fifth** and **sixth** respectively.

That 6 boys + 4 girls = 10 oranges.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We should like to thank all advertisers and all those who have helped us by obtaining advertisements.

We should like to thank the following schools and colleges, who have sent us magazines:

Bishop's University, Lennoxville; Ashbury; Bishop Strachan School; Shathathan School; Westmount High School; Leeds Girls' High School, England.

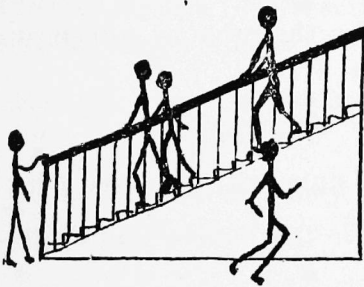
MATRICULATION 1929.

We have to offer belated congratulations to the following girls who passed the McGill Matriculation examinations in June 1929:—Diana Petry, Jocelyn Temple, Dorothy Crabtree, Katherine Smith, Alexandra Newton.



THE MORNING ORDEAL

The rising bell at seven
 Arouses us from sleep;
 Miss Barford comes at twenty past,
 So out of bed we creep;
 And, with the drill bell summons,
 We all troop down the stairs
 Donning tunics, girdles, shoes,
 To start our morning cares.



We line up in our several teams
 Along the passage ways;
 Our heads proceed to take our names
 While hurry down some strays.
 To our horror we are told
 We have to go outside;
 So, buttoning up our sweaters tight,
 We spread out far and wide.



We jump, and turn, and bend, and stretch
 Till we are nearly dead,
 And still the heartless cry, "Repeat,"
 Turns us to lumps of lead.
 At last the ordeal's over
 And we all crawl inside
 So hot, so tired and worn with work,
 Our patience sorely tried.



A. COGHLIN,
 H. MATHIAS, VI-B.

PERSONALITIES**The Staff**

- MISS HORNER—She hath a mind which envy could not but call fair.
- MISS STEPHENS—Yet do I fear thy nature is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
- MISS MURPHY—Steel true, and blade straight.
- MISS SCOTT—Singing, singing buttercups and daisies.
- MISS LEWIS—Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.
- MISS PEARCE—Only a sweet and virtuous soul, like seasoned timber, never gives.
- MISS McMARTIN—When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou.
- MISS KEYZER—And mistress of herself, though China fall.
- MISS FLOOD—The flood lifts up his voice, and sings with a merry noise.
- MISS WRIGHT—Untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony.
- MISS BARFORD—Me thought I heard a voice cry: "Sleep no more."
- MISS COTTON—Oh shame, where is thy blush?

DISILLUSIONED

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll)

- I thought I saw a little toad that hopped along right gaily,
I looked again and saw it was—Mary Margaret Baillie.
- I thought I saw a bumble-bee that was going batty,—
I looked again and saw it was our studious little Catty.
- I thought I saw a little elf a-sitting by a fairy—
I looked again and saw it was—only little Mary.
- I looked on the horizon and I thought I saw a crane—
I looked again and saw that it was only Cochrane.
- I thought I saw a butterfly that flitted in the breeze—
I looked again and saw it was our only dear Louise.

I thought I saw a codfish a-lying on the jetty—
I looked again and saw it was—only fainting Betty.

I thought I saw a tubby bear with an aching tooth,
I looked again and saw it was our merry little Ruth.

I thought I saw a goddess whose eyes were bright and green—
I looked again and saw it was exotic young Aleen.

I thought I saw a cuckoo jay that thought that it was hurt—
I looked again and saw it was our one and only Gert.

I thought I saw a jellyfish stranded high and dry—
I looked again and saw it was my dear old friend MacKay.

I thought I saw a baby fly that kissed a baby flea—
I looked again and saw it was our sympathetic Lee.

I thought I saw a German book that seemed to be forgot—
I looked again and saw it was only our late Dot.

I thought I saw a porcupine a-combing golden hair—
I looked again and saw it was—only silly Claire.

I thought I saw a funny cow which was a-taking fits—
I looked again and saw it was—only little Bits.

I thought I saw a little fish eating macaroni—
I looked again and saw it was our own poetic Nonie.

I thought I saw a red, red rose that far-off could be seen—
I looked again and saw it was our blushing Angeline.

I thought I saw a long grey friar who preached against the heathens,
I looked again and saw it was our venerable Miss Stephens.

COMBINED EFFORT OF VI-A.

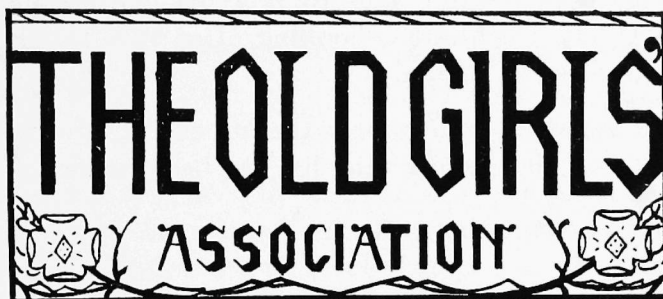
Added by the Form-Mistress—

I thought I saw an obstacle that lay across my way,
I looked again and saw it was my erring form VI-A.

M. F. S.

The "Matric" Horoscope

Name	Type	Why she came to School	Favorite Occupation	Pet Worry	Pet Aversion	Ambition	Future Occupation
Elizabeth Anderson	Carefree	For a rest-cure.	Being sick	Ibby	House averages	To win that breach of promise suit	Blackmailing
Mary Anderson	Delicate	I'll bite!	Looking after big sister	Her figure	"Beef"	To look sophisticated	Being cynical
Margaret Brough	Sinister	Ever heard of Bishop's Coll?	Answering the 'phone	Her room-mate	Everybody but—?	To grow 2 inches	Hanging round street corners
Joan Glassco	Girlish	To take extra Latin	She never sleeps—Oh no!	K.H.C.	It varies	That Oxford degree	Getting over that greenness
Muriel Horner	Bull-dog	To tame down	Latin	Those letters!	Good old Pythagoras	To play the mouth-organ	Raising cats
Eleanor Lancaster	Moony	New York is so boring	Looking for Miss Keyzer	Miss Pearce	Peace	To see the world in a zep	Horse-thieving
Willa Magee	Flirtatious	To get thin	Avec Miss Bonne	"Flies"	Singing	To cut those French essays down	Getting her matric.
Joan Neale	Infantile	To learn to swear	Dieting	Her bath	Those cheeky new kids	Unprintable	Wheeling baby carriages
Mary Turpin	Conscientious	You have to go somewhere	Borrowing	Other people's books	Work (any and every sort)	To be awe-inspiring	Still borrowing
Molly Wood	Poetical	'Cause she was sent	Winking at mistresses	That music book	"Hall and Knight"	To do prep. undisturbed	A journalist



Report of the Central Branch, Montreal, 1929-30

By VERNON ROSS

“What is the Old Girls’ Association doing?” is a question often heard by members of the Montreal Committee. Any reply made on the spur of the moment would be inadequate. As the question is naturally of importance to all members, the records on file will have to answer for what has been accomplished.

The Central Branch has been situated since February 1929 in Montreal. This undoubtedly represents the most strenuous period that the Association will experience, and can only be fully realized from first hand contact. Chaos has at length been converted into order, and the Committee is glad to be able to hand over to its successors an undertaking, unhampered by early complications.

To organize an Association of this kind, and at the same time to carry on a campaign, has necessitated a large amount of clerical work, leaving little time for social activities. There have, however, been two large meetings at the Mount Royal Hotel, one lunch and two teas at the Ritz Carlton, and a tea given by the President, Pixie Palmer. From time to time we have entertained and consulted with members of other Branches passing through Montreal. Members of the Committee have visited Miss Joll and Mrs. Jones many times in New York. Our representative, Evelyn Porteous, has attended the Board Meetings at Compton, and other members of the Committee have also visited the School and brought back excellent reports.

In February we obtained a list of 250 girls, who went to Compton before Miss Joll's time, and dating back to 1886, from Miss Lena Reynolds of Brockville, Ont. We sent a circular letter to every name that had an address, asking them to join, and to send us more names and missing addresses. Margery Cochrane is looking after this and is still receiving letters from all parts of Canada.

It would be impossible to estimate the full extent of our office work, but from the records on file the following list has been made. Campaign work is not included.

- 150 Letters have been received.
- 185 Letters have been sent out.
- 10 Telegrams received.
- 10 Telegrams sent out.
- 80 Written post cards sent out.
- 665 Circular news letters written and sent out.
- 500 News sheets written and sent out.
- 225 Magazines addressed and sent out. The Old Girls section was written, and the social news collected and edited by the Committee.
- 800 Index cards with names and addresses were made.
- 30 Branch lists of addresses typed.
- 9 Main lists, with all names and addresses typed.
- 15 Copies of the constitution typed.
- 3 Copies of the minutes of the Bishop's meeting, Nov. 1928, typed.

There have been 10 Central Branch Committee meetings held in Montreal, each lasting over three hours, and minutes have been kept by the Recording Secretary. The Committee has not only carried on the work of the Central Branch, which means a great deal of correspondence and consultation with other Branches, but also has looked after Montreal, which means 200 girls; the U.S.A., etc. with 32 girls; England with 15 girls; the Canadian West with 12 girls, making a total of 259 girls.

We have endeavoured to send out occasional news letters to our out-of-town members, and hope that in time that this will become a regular practice. Owing to the cost of printing, postage, and subscription to the magazine, it has been found impossible to send literature to those who have not paid their fees, and this has not been done since last November.

Statistics for Montreal, U.S.A. etc. Work

915 Notices sent out.

(over) 800 Telephone calls giving notice of meetings, etc.

200 Index cards, with names and addresses of Montreal girls, typed.

The following article, written by an Old Girl, is reprinted here by courtesy of the Montreal Light Aeroplane Club, in whose magazine it appeared in April. Mrs. Webster is prominent in solo flying.

WHY FLYING IS A SPORT FOR WOMEN

By AILSIE WEBSTER

QUITE a few articles on women and aviation have been written in the semi-belligerent vein of "Why shouldn't women fly?" Through these an under-current of argument with the male sex seemed to run. Let us forget all this sex supremacy and warfare. This endeavour is simply to try and prove "Why women should fly."

Women appreciate beauty and flying is full of it. The beauty of leaving the ground and soaring triumphantly into the sky. The beauty of all the many graceful manoeuvres that can be carried out in the air with just the delicate handling for which women's hands are fitted. The thrill of looking for miles and miles at a vast expanse of beauty laid out for one to see. The rivers shining in the sun, wending their way towards the horizon where purple mountains stand, or some days losing themselves in a mist that obscures the distance but gives a mystery to it all.

The woods below so green and soft in summer, but in the winter black and lonely, save where the evergreens grow and proudly hold patches of snow on their wide arms. The multi-coloured fields so tidily laid in squares, skirted by gray pencil lines of roads, along which the traffic wends its way, like busy ants, towards the city's smoking stacks. One feels king of the world above it all.

Women love variety in life and flying can provide a great deal. Some people look at one with scorn and say how dull it must be just flying round the aerodrome. Not at all; even staying close to one's home flying field has plenty of variety and interest.

One has to master the art of landing on a still breathless day when the machine floats so far before it can be brought to rest. The next day perhaps wrestle with a stiff breeze which acts like a brake on the machine, or a gusty wind which throws you about. With all these variations, landing to a mark, or even putting the machine down in the proper three point manner is, as you can imagine, very interesting and engrossing.

Some days, flying is smooth and soft, other days the bottom seems to drop out of everything at times, and you feel as though you had left the most essential parts of your uttermost regions about twenty feet higher up.

What? You say you are frightened. Of course, you probably are at first, but oh, the satisfaction and sense of achievement you will have when you have met and conquered all your fears as you come to them one by one. Your satisfaction will be much greater than if you had never had any qualms to master.

Flying must be done accurately. One must not think that because there are no street corners up there that one may turn just anywhere. There is the art of doing everything perfectly to be learned and practised; and with the ever changing weather conditions one can never be bored by easy mastery. In our country we have the ice and snow in winter to give even more variety to this fascinating game.

When one has learnt to more or less cope with all this, there is navigation to study, and if you feel so inclined, there is much to find out about the engine. In fact there is always something more to know.

Since flying is not essentially a masculine sport, as it does not require brute strength, you do not need to affect a golfer's stride, a muscular tennis swing or chew gum to be the perfect pilot. In fact you can look just as feminine and charming as you wish.

Breeches, I would have you know, are not necessary as one would suppose, judging from some of the pictures in our popular magazines. An over-all slipped on over your ordinary clothes before going up is all that is needed and is not inclined to give one the wide part stance and hand in pocket attitude that those in breeches seem so partial to. Skirts really do very well in the summer although perhaps the trousers are more comfortable.

The art of aviation is good for the brain as one has to keep it clear and thinking all the time.

Instead of taking a nap or going to a moving picture show in the afternoon before a tea party, go out and fly. It will brighten you up and make you feel simply splendid, as though you had had a strong tonic. Just think how much good the fresh air will do you.

One has to keep fit to pass the periodical medical examinations that are required, and the flying tests to keep one's license.

I know not whether this article will inspire any one to fly; probably quite the reverse. If indeed it has offended your eye or shaken you in any way, I beg you to forget it and just get out and fly, oh potential lady pilot. Perhaps then you will understand the ravings of a struggling enthusiast.

WINGS

By MARJORIE WEIR

When I behold
The deep blue sky—
And hear the "whir"
Of Wings—
I think of Mountain tops
And Lakes
And brave and lovely things!
Of Seagulls
Flying white and low
Out to the open sea—
And great strong wings
That pierce the air
With daring
Witchery.
Of men—
Who braver than they know
Courageously go forth
In storm or bitter cold to seek
The Spirit of the North;
Where God looks down
From forest trees,
And Man looks up to see
The grandeur of the rugged North
Her call and Mystery.

This poem was written by a Montreal Old Girl for the Canadian Authors' Association, and is to be included in their year book for 1930.

KING'S HALL OLD GIRLS AND THE WIZARD OF OZ.

by

MARGARET MITCHELL

The "King's Hall Old Girls" who took part in the Children's play "The Wizard of Oz" which was put on by the Junior League of Montreal on March 1st, 8th and 15th, did a great deal to make the play a success.

The Chairman of the play committee, Margaret Mitchell, had attended a Children's Theatre Conference in Chicago just before Christmas, and returned to Montreal so full of enthusiasm, that it was decided to try out the idea at once.

Ailsie Webster (Ailsie Coghlin), did splendid work. She not only made up all the dances, but taught them to the cast as well, and her solo dance in the Soldier Chorus was much admired.

Sarah Starke was an excellent "Property Man." Everything from 'balls of fire' to 'brains' for the Scarecrow's head appeared as if by magic, and were always to be found in the right place at the right moment.

Frances Thompson made a delicious "Munchkin." Her whole blue ensemble including wig, moustache and beard were most becoming, though a trifle grotesque, and she acted her part well and the children loved her.

Dorothy Nicoll as the "Good Witch of the North" was almost too good to be true, but that is the way it should be in fairy tales, and she looked very stately in her long white flowing robe which glistened with gold stars, her tall hat with the bells on it tinkling gaily, and just a few locks of white hair showing underneath.

Madeline Nicoll, one of the soldier girls, was most attractive in her scarlet uniform, and did her part in the drill dance as if she had been waiting to be a wooden soldier all her life.

Plays for children are really great fun, and are well worth all the time and effort that are spent on them.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Montreal

Engagements:—Dorothy Napier to George Hamilton.

Margaret Monsarrat to Wendell Howard Laidley.

Jean Crombie to Dr. W. I. Whitehead.

Marjorie Macfarlane to Frederick Bradshaw.

Marriages:—Helen MacGachen to Eric Norman Walker of Currergate, Steeton, Yorks, England.
Marjorie Rutherford to Reginald Henderson Wallace, of Shawinigan Falls.
Eddeline Mussen to Andrew Ralph Wilson.
Frances Doble to Sir Anthony Lindsay-Fogg of Haywards Grange, Jarvis Brook, Sussex, England.
Emma Church to Clifford Arthur Paton.
Ruth Richy to C. Curtis Higgins.

Births:—Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hersey (Olga Wilkins), a son, Oct. 14th.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest LeMessurier (Betty Dawes), a son, Nov. 26th.
Mr. and Mrs. R. R. McCabe (Virginia Campbell), a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Stevenson Fry (Beatrice Pratt), a son, Jan. 22nd.
Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Sexton (Blanche Powell), of Morristown, N.J., a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ashby (Beatrice Roper), a daughter, Feb. 8th.
Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Buckley (Marjorie Heneker), a son, Feb. 23rd.

It is with deepest regret that Montreal announces the death of Mrs. W. Claire Shaw (Amy Pyke) on January 22nd.

WHAT THE OLD GIRLS ARE DOING

At the Autumn Exhibition, November 22nd, of the Royal Canadian Academy of the Art Association of Montreal, a study in oils and a water colour were exhibited by Frances Porteous; a portrait in oils by Barbara Black; and a painting and etchings by Evelyn Heneker.

Edith Ritchie, who has studied in New York for the last two years with Oscar Saenger and later with Enrico Rosati, gave a very successful song recital in the Windsor Hall, Montreal, on Wednesday evening, December 18th, and another in Quebec on December 20th.

Frances Doble was married to Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on December 16th. During the past few years "Bunny" as she is known to her friends, achieved popularity on the West End Stage, appearing in "The Man in Dress Clothes," "Downhill," "Sirocco", "Young Woodley," and "Chinese White." She has also taken part in a number of British Films.

Miss M. L. Parker, head of the Parker School of Trained Attendants was very highly commended by Dr. Martin, in his speech at the closing exercises of the School on December 19th, for the very excellent work she has done for the public of Montreal. Her work has made possible the care of the sick at home when the luxury of a highly specialized nurse is denied. Her methods are now being studied by the British College of Nurses.

Jessie Bradley completed a three years course in Landscape Architecture at Cambridge, Mass., and for the past year has had an office and run a successful business in New York City.

Grace and Gretchen Parrock have positions in the Syracuse University Hospital.

Elsa May has a gift shop on Drummond St., Montreal, called the Dorothy Elsa Shop.

Margaret Mitchell has been elected President of the Junior League in Montreal.

Mary Hume is taking the library course at McGill University this year.

Katherine Smith, Jean Macdonald, Hope Richardson, Dorothy Crabtree, Joselyn Temple and Mary Taggart are all studying at McGill University.

Miss Ethel Rowe, cousin of Miss Joll, was married last fall to Mr. Cecil Jones. They have been travelling extensively in Africa. Mr. Jones is engaged in geological research.

Nellie Goodhue has done outstanding work in the nursing profession. After some years spent in New York and Cleveland Hospitals she returned to Montreal to assume the position of instructress on the Royal Victoria Hospital nursing staff. For the last five years she has had charge of the Probationers' Home, R.V.H.

Mrs. B. A. P. Dobson (Marion Smith) is to be presented at the Diplomatic Court, London, on May 15th.

Quebec News

Marriages:—Gerry Simms to Mr. G. C. Boone.

Births:—Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Babin (Marion Simms), a son, February 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Glassco (Willa Price), a daughter, March 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Gregory (Dorothy Wright), a son, March 20th.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Williams (Enid Price), a daughter, April 11th. They are sailing shortly for England, where they will spend a year.

Kitty Brewer is studying music in Quebec, and was among a number of advanced students who played recently before the Ladies' Morning Musical.

Joy Brewer is training in the Jeffrey Hale Hospital and led her class in the recent examinations.

Diana Petry is giving private tuition at home this year. She is also acting as a lieutenant in the 36th I.O.D.E. Girl Guide Company.

Audrey Sheppard of Sorel, is taking a domestic science course at MacDonald College this year.

It is interesting to note that Quebec has on their list Mrs. G. F. Cleveland, of Danville, who was the second pupil to enter "Compton Ladies' College" the first year it was opened. Muriel Cleveland (Mrs. J. C. Brown) and Kathleen Cleveland (Mrs. W. G. Burrit) are also on the Quebec List.

The Quebec Branch now has a membership of 39, 17 of whom do not live in the City. The Committee would like to see more out of town members at their meetings.

Sherbrooke News

Marriages:—Marjorie Francis to Cecil Teakle, on September 21st, at Bishop's College Chapel. They are living this year in France, where Mr. Teakle is studying.

Births:—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McCutcheon (Eileen McCrae), a daughter, March 23rd, 1929.

Alexandra Newton is at Tudor Hall School, Kent, England.

Hamilton News

Births:—Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Beckett (Connie Smith), a daughter, Susan.

Elizabeth Counsell is taking a course in interior decorating this year in New York.

Patricia Alexander has graduated from the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, and is now nursing there.

Mrs. Cameron (Mary Phillips), is in charge of the X-Ray Department of the McGregor-Mobray Clinic, Hamilton.

Mrs. Beresford Hamilton (Isabel Fairbairn), has moved from Montreal to Hamilton.

On February 14th, the Hamilton Branch met at a Valentine bridge party at the residence of Mrs. Cheever Scott in Dundas. It was also attended by girls from Toronto and London.

The Hamilton Branch was invited to attend the Toronto Annual Meeting, which was held at the Eglinton Hunt Club on April 28th. The six girls who were able to accept report a very delightful luncheon.

Ottawa News

Marriages:—Margaret Minnes to Elmore Davis, September 28th.

Engagements:—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Magrath announce the engagement of their elder daughter, Miss Amy Gordon Magrath, to Mr. F. J. D. Pemberton, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Pemberton, of Mount Joy, Victoria, B.C. The marriage will take place in June.

Louisa Fauquier spent the winter in California, and Maryon Murphy spent several months in Florida.

Isobel Butler is studying music in Toronto this year.

Dorothy Hartney graduated from St. Luke's Hospital, New York, on April 29th, and is now taking a special four months course.

Leila Larmonth is taking the domestic science course at MacDonald College, this year.

Toronto News

Marriages:—Mary Rowell (Toronto Branch President), to Henry Rutherford Jackman.

During the winter a bridge was given, after which Mrs. Livesay, a member of the Association, gave a most interesting address on the history of Compton Village and district. Mrs. Livesay is preparing a magazine article on Philip Gosse, the noted naturalist who lived in Compton in 1837, which would be very interesting to King's Hall Girls.

The Old Girls' Association regret very much Miss Tugwell's resignation as Head Mistress of King's Hall, and are sure that she will be greatly missed by the School.

The Heading marking the Old Girls' section of the magazine was drawn by Frances Porteous, of Montreal.



AILSIE WEBSTER
(Author of the article on Flying)

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